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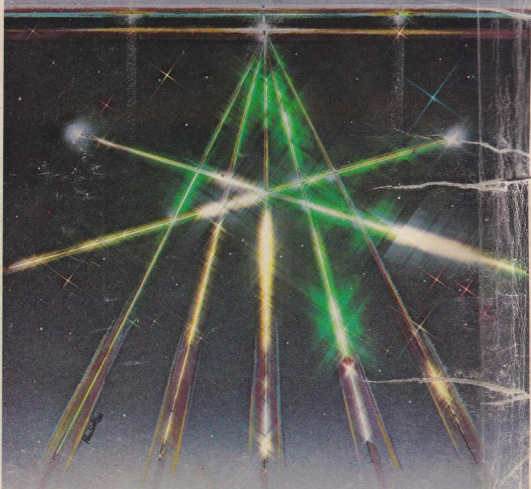


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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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Cover Photo: Jim Moss

DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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MALECALL

HAND JIVE

I want to say I'm an avid reader of your publication and I think it's great. You guys sure have a way of making me perform my "hand exercises." You should see my hands, the right one is larger and more developed than the left one. Keep up the good work.

M. Pokorsky
Manitowoc, WI

STAYING OUT

Your magazine is great. It is the one thing that has kept me from going back into the closet several times. About the time I get frustrated with not meeting guys into the same things I'm into, along comes your magazine to inspire me. West Texas is pretty conservative, and DRUMMER stands out like a light on a hilltop at night. Keep up the good work, and keep my subscription coming.

B. McArthur
Lubbock, TX

DADDIES

I would like to complement you on the quality of your magazine. It presents itself, via the covers, as a hot, erotic book for gay males into S&M and heavily-masculine scenes; it backs-up its covers with a consistently good, masculine contents of articles, stories, photos, and advertisements. I have corresponded with, and eventually met, some very interesting and experienced Tops through your magazine.

The good (but too short) photo-article "In Search of Older Men: Drummer's Daddies" in issue 42 was especially interesting to me. Although I am 26, I find S&M "Daddies" (Tops over 40 — white side-burns, salt & pepper gray, etc. — who have kept themselves in good shape) to be very strong turn-ons; their knowledge, experience, and practice make for hot scenes that are satisfying to both Top and bottom.

I enjoy being the m-son of S-Daddies who "play" rough games (eg. whipping, water-sports, fucking, fisting, etc.) with their sons (Daddy Bob, shown in the article, could make his tattoos disappear with me anytime).

Joe
Atlanta, GA

A BAR BY ANY OTHER NAME

So many names for the DRUMMER bar kept popping into my head, and these are just a few that I decided to send them to you direct though I've dropped into the bar. Take for granted that THE precedes each name where suitable. Also, take for granted that spellings can be varied, etc. Here goes — Belt & Buckle,

Pumping Station, Balls & Chains, Chute, Topps, Fit-To-Be-Tied, Top Half, Power Station, Harley's, Ruff Stuff, Back Alley, Hide-Bound, Harness Room, Harde Room, Bruise Inn, Mr. Benson's, Sirs, Big Sir, The Pen, OUCH!, Master's Voice, The Pouch, Toy Drum, Son of Drum, Leather Up!, The Hoggery, Coxcomb, Action Line, Hi-Voltage, Training Room, Speck of Light, Saddle Up, Stirrup, Spit 'N' Polish, The Salute, Top Hole, Sleazy's, The Branding Iron, Power!, Tuff's Back Door.

With all of these, you could start a worldwide chain! Maybe by the dawn's sober light, many would sound even sillier than they look now, but you rarely can tell for sure what will click.

Maybe I'll send you more, God help you!

B.V.
Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's note: God help us, indeed! All of this in response to a simple little contest to name the open-to-the-public section of the DRUMMER Club at 11th and Folsom! Too bad, B.V. — someone named it for us. DRUMMASTER is now the official name of the public bar sponsored by DRUMMER Magazine, and you — as well as the rest of the leather world — are invited to drop, prop your boot up on a rail (or a slave, for that matter), and share a brew with the hottest leather studs in the country! See you there soon!)

NOT TOUGH ENOUGH?

I noticed that John Preston had something between his teeth while getting tattooed (Even Mr. Benson Gets the Blues, Tough Shit/DRUMMER 42). Unless it was Jamie's jockstrap, I have to wonder just how tough Mr. Benson really is. And I have a complaint. Showing John Preston laying down doesn't give away who he is, does it? How am I supposed to recognize the fucker?

T. Sagan
Palo Alto, CA

NO HAIR NOWHERE

In response to "Hair Today, Hair Tomorrow" (DRUMMER 42, Malecall), it is possible that he has gotten mixed-up in reference to the Master/slave relationship and what is known as the "straight-gay" relationship.

While it is certainly true that the "hot fuckin' friction of the strong, hard, hairy chests grinding together!" is a real turn-on, in the Master/slave relationship the slave is now, to an ever increasing percent, kept completely denuded of its body-hair mainly in order to continually

remind the slave that it is inferior to a Man!

You will please also notice the multitude of shaving scenes which are recently found in S/M magazines (such as our own DRUMMER). You can't but admit that more and more Masters have "scene the light" as far as causing their slaves to be (psychologically) castrated by shaving off their man-hair.

You have gone so far as to freely admit that a "strongly shaped bald (shaved) head can be hotter 'n hell!" Why then, can't you find it possible to admit that a guy with a good build won't look (and feel) more to be a sexual turn-on than a guy whose build is hidden by all that "fur" (as you call it)?

Incidentally, medical men who specialize in male sexuality have ascertained that a male with a minimum of body-hair is much more virile than one with that great growth of "fur" that you like so much! So put that in your fur-lined pipe and smoke it!

Master-Shaver Ross
Upper Darby, PA

LATRINE POSITION

John Preston's coverage of Hellfire (DRUMMER 41) convinced me that I've been mispending my time these past Labor Day weekends. Why put up storm windows when I could be digging latrines? I've already contacted an Associate Hellfire member, and my boss, to help secure a spot in next year's chain gang.

Mike
Mt. Clemens, MI

MAILMAN BLUES

I subscribe to DRUMMER and wait anxiously every month for delivery. Two months ago, the mail man (not the regular one) rang the door bell to hand me the familiar brown envelope. He looked like a fantasy right from DRUMMER's pages. We had a brief exchange of smiles and he asked me for a glass of water. I invited him in, got the glass of water. He drank it slowly. At one point he rubbed his crotch. I hate to admit that I was being so conservative I didn't do anything.

He's been back twice, but I was at work both times. I can tell it was him, both times the mail was leaned against my door instead of having been put in the mailbox.

And, I am missing issue 39 of DRUMMER.

I am planning to be at home for a few weeks in March, and see if he delivers that month's issue.

Name and Address
Withheld by request

PIERCED MEN

I am amazed at the number of so called hot/macho men that cringe at the thought and even more so, the sight of a pierced tit or cock. When I first squeezed my man's tit and felt that ring, I nearly ripped his shirt off. I was even more turned on when I saw his Prince Albert piercing. Ever since I felt and sucked on his tit and cock, I've wanted the same done to myself. My dream (half of it, that is) came true earlier this month when a package arrived from Gauntlet Enterprises in time for my birthday. My gold bead ring had come and it now has a special place of honor in my left tit. It's healing nicely and I had my first experience of having it worked on a couple of days ago. It's still a little tender but the pleasure far surpasses the discomfort (which was very slight) that I felt from having it done.

After seeing the photos in DRUMMER 42, I want my right tit pierced and possibly a Prince Albert. We are planning a trip to California this summer and a visit to Gauntlet Enterprises will definitely be on our agenda.

Thanks, Drummer for the article, "The Fine Art of Piercing" and the great photos!

Buzz R.
Kansas City, MO

QUESTIONMAN

First off, I really like DRUMMER and usually read everything in it as soon as it comes out and then I go back and reread some articles and stories later (maybe a month or a year). I have some questions. In DRUMMER No. 41 there was an article called Members Only, Part One. Where is Part Two? Is there a Part Three?

In the same issue there is an article on Stockholm. Since you guys have published long articles on San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago — any chance of doing the same for, say, Berlin, London or Amsterdam?

One last thing — the film reviews in DRUMMER always seem to be either German films or foreign films. Any special reason, or is that just Mr. Rowberry's taste?

Claude Atkins
New Orleans, LA

(Editor's Note: The second installment of Members Only appeared in DRUMMER No. 43. Future installments will appear as they are compiled. As to our article on Stockholm, yes, we are planning to present information about those European cities where there is enough leather and S&M to interest our readers. Berlin, Munich, Amsterdam and London are in the works. Finally, you can read mainstream film reviews anywhere.



The WHERE TO FIND IT guide for those items you won't find in the regular yellow pages!

Example: if you're looking for hot all-male action material (photos, films, video tapes, etc.), get this directory. Lists dozens of hard to find sources. Tells how much the photographer or other source charges for catalogs, brochures, samples.

Also lists places that will develop and print or copy those "special" films or photos. Tells where to find erotic toys, devices; where to buy nude photos of movie-TV stars, erotic male art and sculpture, plus MUCH MORE, including correspondence services, clubs, special publications of all types.

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THE QUARTERS



an excerpt from the novel by Robert Dunn

ONE

As I opened the outer door to the cellblock I could hear the rustle of the chains and knew that the boys were assuming their positions inside the cells as ordered. After checking that all the equipment was in proper order in the booking-in area and that security was tight, I proceeded into the cellblock and training area proper.

There, in proper order, were the three boys in slave training. Each stood with his hands behind his back above his ass with his legs spread and his head bowed facing the back wall of the cell. My cock stirred at the sight of those rounded buttocks that had been so well handled in the Session last night. Now it was time for feeding and exercise. But what the hell.

I pulled my favorite trainee out of the cell and ordered him into First Position. Kneeling in front of me with his hands still behind his back as required, he looked up at my crotch. "Boots." The single-word order brought his mouth to my boot quickly. He knew full well the punishment for slowness. Before he was on the second boot, my balls were hanging low out of my pants for his willing mouth when he had earned them.

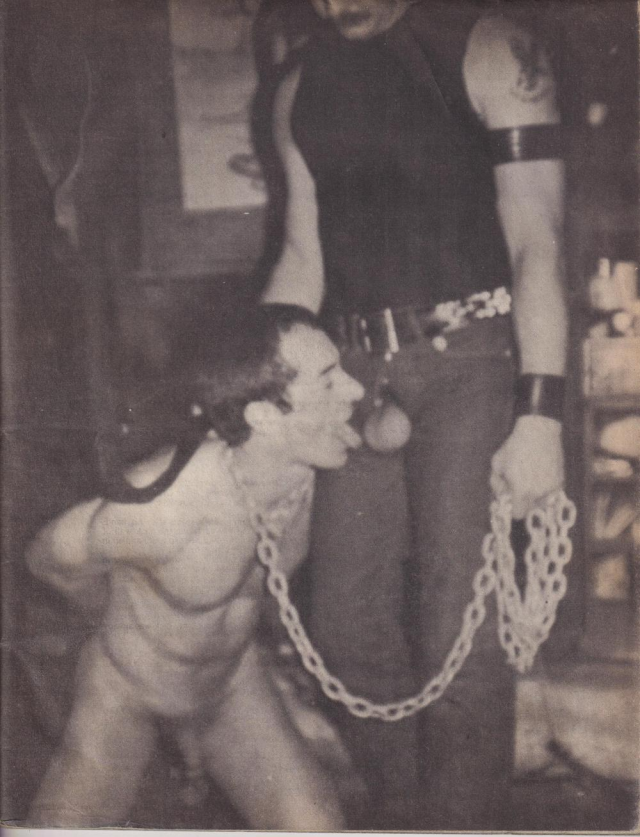
Both boots glistening from his saliva, he waited with bowed head for whatever was next. "Nutsack." My bull nuts knew immediately the warm moistness of his well-trained tongue. We had spent considerable time last night on that one drill alone. Even though my dick was already steel hard, he knew that I would not take it out of my pants unless I felt he did a worthwhile job on my nuts. He did.

When I pulled his head back to face my rod head-on, the "Please, Sir," came from his lips with just the proper desire. We were not playing some dumb game. He worked hard for the load, using several new tricks he had been taught since he arrived. The two slaves remaining inside the cell silently urged him on, knowing that their breakfast would get cold quickly on the metal prison trays. They held their Third Position, not moving a hair, so as to be sure that cold or hot they would still get fed.

As my nuts started their upward swing in the sack and the sweaty odor of my crotch filled the training area, we all knew the cock was getting ready to unload. After the spasms of cum, the boy waited for the piss to follow.

After the brief early morning exercises, the real chow was served up and the slave trainees were recelled.

Editor's Note: The Quarters, San Francisco's renowned and yet highly secretive training establishment, has provided director Robert Dunn with more than ample material to put together THE QUARTERS: A Novel. These excerpts, culled from the work as it progresses, represent the many case-histories to be included in the work.



TWO

Now he can't make the trip to me this weekend that we had planned. Now a new collar, made especially to match the custom studs on my hat bands, lies unused with a lock that has never been fastened. A weekend, long thought-out and planned for, is now empty. A ready willingness to teach and learn, honestly and openly, is left with hesitation.

Having handled many men and been pleased with more than a few, it is difficult to stem disappointment. Knowing there is tremendous potential keeps me interested, I admit. Seeming loyalty, continued interest limited to phone conversations, yet a tangible substance in the voice that means seriousness. A picture which only shows me a body that is not within my reach.

A desire to serve has met an honest desire to be served. A Trainer of many slaves had met a potential trainee that might be worth keeping for private stock. A private cell, separate from the training cello, has remained empty for too long. The chain at the foot of my bed has remained unattached for a while. The new collar was supposed to begin changing that. It has not yet. It lies, in the sack it came from the Leathermaker in, inside my private file drawer along with the reports submitted. It is not as though there are not others who serve me. It is not as though I have lost something — indeed, I never have really enjoyed having it yet. Is it to become just another thrill trick? We both want more. It seems as though the only thing harder to find than a truly good slave boy is an honest and thorough Master. I have been and am a Master of many men. Yet there was/is that possibility of adding the one private, intimate body slave that makes Life different on all levels.

It will take "about a month" to settle his business before he can come to me permanently. I will wait, knowing that one month is not all that long to wait for valuable property. I will expect to hear from him the reports he thinks will please me and keep him mine. I will expect him to be honest and open with me and to trust me to take care of his *self* as he reveals it to me. I do not expect to be disappointed. I do not expect promises to be made only to be broken. I do not intend to break my promises or to fail him by being less than a total and caring Master. I do not expect to be treated as a part-time fantasy, a toy, or a person to be afraid of. I will take what I want, need, and think will make both of our lives worthwhile to ourselves and to each other.

There can be no Master without a slave. Yet I will not tolerate the attempt of any slave to practice his ability to maneuver the relationship. Dismissal is the final alternative, as unsatisfactory as it is. In the midst of the interchange of relationships we sometimes forget what the alternatives are. To accept someone into your life is to admit that you have an emptiness. To dismiss that person is to make the emptiness again. Only fools call that freedom. So I will continue to leave my boots on until he can come to them with his tongue first to take them off when I rest.

He will bring me a life that is ready to learn its fullest potential, unlimited by any inside or outside realities. I am permitting him time to put it in order. I expect him to know that he will not be limited by coming to me, but will be supported in his Life-learning experience. There is a difference between a teacher and a taker, between using and abusing, between having and holding. Pride of ownership must come out of the pride of being owned that is given.

The required daily exercises are herewith doubled. He will spend no night in his own bedroom that is not on the floor with one pillow and one blanket. The required Saturday reports are to be mailed on Saturdays, not at any other time. He demands are extremely minimal under the circumstances. I do not expect to treat this matter lightly. There is a fairness to be honored. And it will be honored more than it has been so far. Scheduled phone calls will be made exactly on time. All schedules will be kept. The private cell will remain vacant regardless of the qualifications of new applicants. That sacrifice will be honored by me and paid for by him.

If what I am is not enough, physically or mentally, for him then I expect to find out now. There are things that I am not which are sometimes necessary for the degree of dedication which we know is necessary in a Master to slave relationship. I do not want to be what I am not, physically, and have no intention of trying to change what cannot be changed. Priori-

ties should have already been determined. There is no indication that I am inflexible, and I am readily willing to determine what is fair between us. He will have to accept and to trust me and then submit to me totally.

I wonder if he will.

THREE

I was tired of reading the ads and more than a little full of a load I knew I'd get rid of, one way or the other, tonight. So I went out to see if there was a body I could take for my own to satisfy my needs. Being in a big town gave me a lot of choices, but I ignored the usual street for leather and went to a boogie place so I could see some bodes in action.

It was a nice surprise to see the guy I'd seen before in fuck mags. I guess they got out sometimes, too.

So here was this body and I knew I was going to make him do it my way before the night was through. We'd see who had what! Just standing there I let him know that he was expected to show me something. It wasn't long before he took off his shirt and let the dance-sweat run down the ravine between his pecs. He could see the bulge in my pants growing, but not moving. He knew he would have to make it want to move. He did that flex kind of dancing that showed off his big arms, his well-developed sweat, and the ripples of his stomach. He really worked up a sweat and let me know all along that his moves were for me more than for whoever he happened to be dancing with.

Then he high signed me to go to the john. I let him go first and wait, then I went in my own good slow time, but not before he got tired of waiting. I break 'em in slow.

He was standing at the urinal with his meat hanging out while a couple of kids looked and looked some more to see the whole thing. I went up behind the kids and looked at them long enough for them to get the hint and get the hell out. Then I grabbed him by the arm, twisting him around and forced him into the toilet stall. He fell forward against the wall, bracing himself with his one free hand. I caught a good handful of hair and pushed him down to his knees with his ass hiked up over the toilet seat.

"Yes, Sir," he said. "Please make me go home with you, Sir."

"Why?" was all I had to ask.

"I'll do what you make me do until I can't do anything more, Sir," he half-moaned.

"Get up!"

When he did, his meat was still out of his jeans, but it was beginning to grow. I promptly whacked it with my finger to make him lose the hard-on.

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"What makes you think you're worthy of anything I want to have done for me?" I pushed my thumb down his throat. He sucked it, good, like a boy should. Then he said, "I've worked hard to make my body worthwhile for you, Sir."

"Show me!"

He flexed his great arms to show the full muscle and backarm and then grabbed his wrists behind his back to show his pecs in their full expansion.

I slapped his face. "Leave your hands back there where they belong and stand up. Now turn around and hit the wall with your chest. I want to hear it smack the cement!"

Smacking the cement with his chest let me know that he did want to find out where I was going to lead him. He did it again and then he said, "Please make me go home with you, Sir."

"O.K. I'll be outside in the black truck on the corner. You've got two minutes, and that's all."

"Thank you, Sir."

Then I forced him out of the toilet stall in front of the assholes standing around the urinal pissing on themselves while they listened to two men.

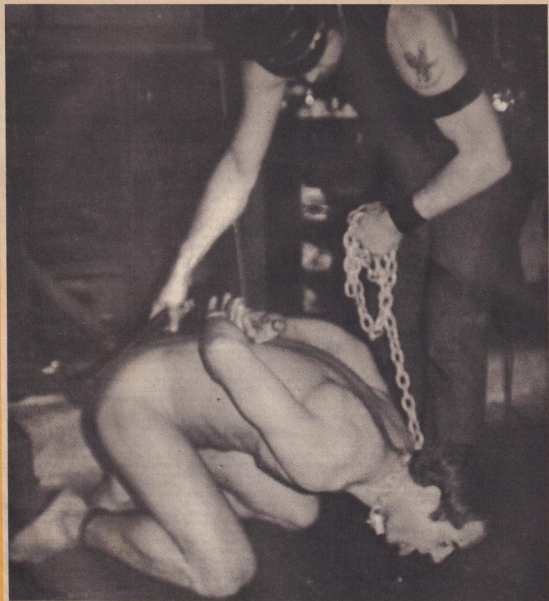
I took a piss myself and decided to give him a break on the time because I sure as hell did not want to miss this action. He might even be worth all the bullshit of going and looking.

He got to the truck about the same time I did and started to put his shirt on.

"Leave it off!"

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir."

On the way home I made him keep silent and let him



know with looks that this event was up to him to make good. When I paled and shut off the truck and grabbed his nipple, he followed quickly enough to keep the pain down.

In the front hall of the house I pointed to the floor and he obeyed by kneeling promptly while I took off my belt and strapped his strong wrists together behind his back. Then I used the handkerchief (never mind what color) to blindfold him.

"Thank you, Sir."

Putting the dog collar on him made him quiet and he began to anticipate, maybe even fear what was coming his way. As for me, I wasn't satisfied to have him so willing and wanted to take some of that away by letting him worry. I had to be careful not to let him know that I was getting hot already. It's better to make him slave first. I led him down the stairs to

the basement. The three support poles down there made an ideal rack. I had just realized. So I put his rippling back muscles up against the middle pole and wrapped the neck chain around the pole. This done and properly thanked for, I got the rope off the saddle I had stored down there. I put one end in his mouth and made him hold it in his teeth while I used the other end to secure his left hand to the outside pole at shoulder height. Taking the loose end out of his mouth gave him the opportunity to thank me properly again. I threw the rope up over the cross beam so that the hands could not be lowered once they were both secured.

Then I decided to leave one hand free for the time being. So I gripped his tit in my left hand and slapped him (not too hard — remember the old break-them-early exercise) till he said, "Thank you, Sir." By now the thank yous had become

authentic pleas and the fear had edged up his throat. I undid his pants and unshoed him. I made him naked and his meat didn't disappoint me.

He made the mistake of asking, "Do I please you, Sir?" and got slapped good and hard. He knew that meant he had pleased me but that I wasn't going to admit it. "Thank you," he said. This time I broke my silence by grabbing his cock and balls, or at least as much of it as I could, in one hand and slapping him in the face. "Thank you, WHAT?"

"Thank you, SIR!" came the proper reply with the moan of submission very real.

After securing his other hand to the other post, I stepped back just to look at this great-muscled stud at my disposal.

I knew I wanted him now, so I got the sawhorse out of the corner and placed it in front of him. Then I lifted him up carefully so as not to damage his perfect skin in the ropes and sat his thighs over the horse. There he was, all spread, well, almost. I used the remaining rope to secure his feet to either side of the horse so his thick meat and balls hung down in front of him.

"Oh, thank you, Sir."

And his meat began to swell up and rise. He cringed expecting me to whack it again. This time, I wanted it to rise and his cringing only made mine harder than it had already been for the last ten minutes. The blindfold had been placed purposefully to keep him from knowing whether I was aroused. Man, was I aroused! I grabbed a handful of it (and the guy had a handful, for sure) and rammed my thumb down his throat again. He sucked, hoping to get the real thing soon. His dick rose even further than I thought it would and his ass squirmed to keep his balance on the rough horse. I took the wet thumb and started it up his asshole. He struggled at that and I had the excuse I needed to slap him again.

"Please, please, Sir. Oh, please let me make you happy, Sir. I'll do anything for you, Sir. Please, Sir?"

I didn't want supplication from this stud, I wanted him to beg me not to do the things I knew I was going to do anyway. He was too much of a man to give in so easily.

"Shut up, you filthy swine punk. Take it like a man or you'll get it like a shitty punk! A man takes only what he's made to take. Got that?"

"Oh, yes, Sir."

And I rammed the thumb in up to my hand meat. He fought with a screwing butt as best he could on the rough wood and the arms looked splendid as they flexed and turned and strained against the bondage.

That's better, I thought, but I kept my thoughts in silence, making him wonder if he was doing right or about to get beaten for more.

I brought the other sawhorse over and placed it so I could throw him over it ass-up when I undid the pole ropes. He followed the noises with his unseeing head and I could see the tension in his body as he went through the mind fucking fears of what was about to come next. Then I left him to go upstairs for the handcuffs and dog chains and other hardware I had accumulated from thankful tricks. The more I trained, the better I had become and the more grateful they had become. I always knew when they were totally submitted when they left a slaver's article behind for me to use as I wanted on someone else or on them, next time. Not that I called them back most times. Most of them only thought they knew how to please, let alone had the equipment like this stud to really please. I'd see to it that he did give a full amount of pleasure. I'd also be damned willing to see that he got his cumload dumped where he wanted. He was full of apprehension when I returned, God only knows what was going through his head about what was going to happen now.

I dropped the chains so he could hear them.

Silence.

Then I grabbed his cock and balls using my fingers like a cock ring and pulled him to his feet as I pushed the sawhorse back so he could stand. I attached one handcuff to each strong thick wrist and put a leather strap cock ring around the full nut sack and stiff rod. The cockring had a leather leader sewn into it and I pulled it up with force and made him hold it in his mouth so that the leader stayed taut. I moved the second sawhorse forward so he would be bent over it ass-up when I lowered him off the rack poles.

All this, and not a word spoken. Him out of fear of darkness in his blindfold, and me out of torture, not letting him

suspect anything so he could only think the worst.

I pulled the cock strap out of his mouth and wrapped it around his thick neck, pulling down on the other side so it pulled up on his balls.

"Who do you belong to?"

"You, Sir," he said without hesitation.

"WHO?"

"YOU, SIR," he said louder, with force, knowing that I wanted his submission but not his loss of force.

I cut the rope going over the rafter and cut his left hand free, leaving the cuff hanging. He reached for the blindfold so I forced his hand down to the sawhorse and cuffed it to the top while I uncuffed his other hand. First, though, I decided to let him know again that he was mine. I slapped him across the face and then asked him, "What do you want?"

He was silent for a minute, not knowing if I would grant him a pleasure or only wanted to find out so he could be denied totally during our exercise.

"Could I see for a minute, Sir?" he asked.

"How do you ask?"

"Please, Sir, could I see for a minute, Sir?"

"When you're over the horse in front of you," I said, letting him know a little about what was going on and letting him know too that I would take care of him in good time.

"Thank you, Sir," he said quickly enough to keep me from slapping it out of him.

I cut away the other hand and bent him over the horse in front of him. It cuffed nicely to the eyelet screwed in place for an entirely different reason. I had never brought anyone to the basement before. With this stud it seemed the only proper training place.

I moved the cuff on his left hand from the top of the horse still holding his legs spread apart to the bottom of the horse holding his other hand on the other side. He was nicely bent over the second horse, and his organs hung down so I could get to them when the time came. I made sure the second horse caught his chest so he would be held up without scraping his bodybuilder's soft skin. After looking at his predicament, I went to the corner of the cement room and picked up an old horse blanket. On the way back, I saw a camera that I had left from one of the old trail rides. It had some film left in it so I decided to give the man and me something to remember this exercise by. I clamped on a flash and with the first flash his head jerked up. The blindfold didn't hide the brightness. I got about seven good shots: asshole, arms, legs and body shots as well as three good cock and ball in strap views. Then I hid the camera just in case this pile of muscles should get loose and mad.

I picked up the belt long ago discarded in favor of the rope and gave him a sweat on the butt.

"Now, what is it you want?"

"Please, Sir, could I see you, Sir?"

With that point made, I jerked off the blindfold. Then I placed the horseblanket between him and the rough wood so he could perform without marking up his body. He was going to perform, and he knew it. He wanted to, now. He lifted his head and began to lick the outside of my jeans where my cock was throbbing.

"Please, Sir, oh please, Sir."

I undid the buttons of the pants and forced his head and teeth over the flap, making him pull down the pants with his bulging neck muscles and jaws. Still pushing, I made him lick the insides of my thighs and calves. He made it to where the pants were piled up on the boots. I kicked off one boot, leaving it on the floor in front of him and used by foot to make him kiss and lick the empty boot on the floor while I managed to get out of my clothes.

"Oh, thank you, Sir!"

With a handful of hair I pulled his head up and into my nut sack. He licked and ate and licked until I forced his mouth up and over my own cock rod. He took it, but not enough of it or fast enough. I shoved. He took it all, finally, and the spit ran down over my balls as I forced him up and down. Then I let him do it by himself. He did it good and kept it up. I pulled him off.

"Do you like that?"

"Yes, Sir."

I slapped him on the ass with the belt — and then slapped him again because I liked the sound. He squirmed. I said, "Have you ever been trained before?"



"Only a little, and never so well, Sir," he said with a taste of hunger in his eyes.

I knew then that I was going to do this muscleboy right.

I forced him down on my cock again and he sucked it and tongued it till I was close. I whipped it out of his mouth and pumped it so it came all over his face. I knew he would be surprised by how much juice there was to come out. The first-timers always are. Some times they're still not convinced the second time around. I've only got about seven inches of knowing, spearing meat, but I've got the biggest balls and they make the most juice most men have ever seen from one prick. And I don't go down after the first time around if I'm turned on. This man of a slave for sure turned me on, and when he had finished rubbing the cum off onto my legs and then finished licking it all up, he was forced back down over one hard rod. He almost gagged from surprise.

I slapped his ass with the belt and knew then where I was going next. He took a little longer to realize that he was going to get fucked by the meat he was being shoved onto now. Only when I dangled the belt buckle down between the cakes of his powerful ass did he begin to get uneasy and his legs began to struggle against their bonds.

When I shoved him forward so the weight of his body was held up by his hands on the floor and the sawhorse was shifted to his taut, muscle-hard belly did he know for sure that he was going to get butt-fucked. And he couldn't do anything about it. At least, I didn't think he could do anything, then.

I grabbed the saddle soap off the shelf and crammed a handful up his struggling ass. I guest about three fingers went with it and when I checked his tool, it was bigger even than it had been before.

"Please, Sir, please don't fuck me, Sir," he pleaded.

By now I had one cheek in each hand and was all but charging up the pumping, squirming, struggling asshole in front of me. The sawhorses were rocking and the man was flexing every muscle he had trying to escape the meat he knew was coming. At the same time his meat was oozing that slick white pre-cum and I knew he was going to get his all the way around.

"Please, Sir, anything, but don't fuck me. Please, Sir."

That did it. I jammed it in all at once, clear up to the nut-sack. He screamed. I pulled it out because I for sure was going to do this right. I started again. Slow this time. I worked my aching cock up into that powerful, fighting hole. Every time he struggled with his bonds, I had to keep from coming. I pumped that ass and pumped that ass. Almost without knowing it, I had his cockmeat in my still greased hand and his huge meat was fucking my hand as hard as my cock was reaming his ass.

I didn't just come. I exploded all my insides right up his butt and screamed myself as the front sawhorse broke and we both collapsed to the cold cement floor. My cock meat never left the depths of that sweet, strong ass. I think when we fell he flexed those buttocks and I probably couldn't have pulled out if I'd tried. I jerked out now so I could keep him under control.

Rolling him over was no small task. Just turned the back sawhorse over and he followed suit. Those super arms were still spread, but were now loose, thanks to the broken horse. I quickly stepped on the board between trying with my full weight to hoist him down. No good. He raised me and the board between his hands and I came down on his chest. He had my meat in his mouth before I realized that I still had not gone soft. I used my dick as a lever in his sucking mouth to turn him around and back him up to the tree-pole rack again.

The damn handcuff keys were out of reach. I had to get him bound to the poles again.

But he was sucking so good I grabbed the outside poles and forced my rod down his throat and came all over again. Oh, shit, it was so good I forgot he was loose, almost.

When the board forced me back and then splintered up against the middle pole, I knew we were going to do some wrestling for the rest of the session.

He had me in his hammy hands before I could get up and he moved me with a knowingsness only a rebelling slaver could have known. My mouth was full, even fuller of his dick before I could think of how to resist. Shit! He forced that hard prick pole all the way in and out and in and out and in again and came so full that I found out I only thought I knew

what choking is.

The broken boards dangling from his still-handcuffed wrists didn't stop him from wrapping the other end of his dog neck chain around my neck and forcing my hands behind my back in the submissive possession I had forced him into not so long ago.

I stared into his eyes and knew that seeing and knowing what was about to come didn't make it any less than the painful forfeit I knew he was going to take from me.

Without unwrapping the dog neck chain or turning me loose for one second, he had me on my stomach among the broken remains of the sawhorse and he didn't even take the ropes off his feet that held him still tied to the other horse.

He slammed my chest into the cement and only spit at the crack in my ass. Then he showed me that his bigger meat stayed hard after the first fuck, too. Not that I saw it. But that steel-hard, big-headed broomhandle going up my ass wasn't a broomhandle! And he fucked until he made me pull and twist and roll and kick trying to free myself from that never-renting hold on my arms and that pole in my ass.

He came, expending every energy in him until he was sighing and relaxed. I don't miss many chances. I had already grabbed the keys before he saw me and in one roll I had him up against the poles again. The sawhorse on his legs kept him from being faster or getting to his feet. I slapped his face good and hard, and he put his arms out for the poles when he saw my knee on his nutsack ready to drop my full weight onto his nuts with nothing but cement for a backstop.

I wrapped the cuff chains around the poles and cuffed each hand twice. He knew he had it coming, and I will say that he took it like a man. I undid his feet from the horse and tied them behind the middle pole, leaving him in an outstretched kneeling position. My cock was soft, but I knew it wasn't going to stay that way. His was still hard. By now he wanted to submit to his punishment for rebelling.

A tit in each hand soon had him moaning and trying to find relief or at least freedom from his crucifixion pose. Once again his strong arm muscles bulged and flexed and his stomach muscles rippled as he struggled in his bondage. The first "Oh, please, Sir" brought a smack on the face that he knew meant no more talk.

His cockmeat still surged and throbbed, and I knew I wanted to take care of it again. But this time, the fucker wouldn't see me. I went and found the snoot rag and again darkened his world. Then I used the belt to strap his torso to the middle pole. Once again, I enjoyed the tenseness and fear in him.

I enjoyed that and took his tits thorough pain into agony. Then I put my lips to one and nursed it back to pleasure, only to put my teeth to it before going over to the other tit. I nursed it and watched him cringe, thinking I would lay teeth to this tit too.

I let him cringe.

Then I put his cock between my lips and let him know he would cum again or else be severely sorry. He uttered only "Oh—" before he was slapped into silence again. From then on, he concentrated on working his cock in my mouth until we both knew he was cum close. Just as his load hit his piss channel, I took my mouth off and let the cum squirt into my hand. If he'd known he was going to eat every drop of his own cum, I don't think he'd have cum so much. Somehow I managed to hold all of it in one hand.

My hand on his head, forcing it back into the pole, gave him some idea of what was coming—or should I say, cumming. He ate it all and licked my fingers clean.

So I took off his blindfold to let us both see just how hard and full my cock had again grown to be.

He knew he had to eat it all over again and by then we both knew it wasn't going to be anything he didn't want.

He ate it and ate it and ate it, and then swallowed every drop of the jism I let go.

When I undid him, after leaving him bound while I went upstairs to make coffee, he took the dog collar chain in one hand and I left it around his neck. He let me lead him upstairs.

This time, I let a slaver take something home with him, the collar chain. He brought it back the next night and asked permission to bring it back again after I finished with him then.

He has my permission at least three times a week now. ■



by Jason Klein

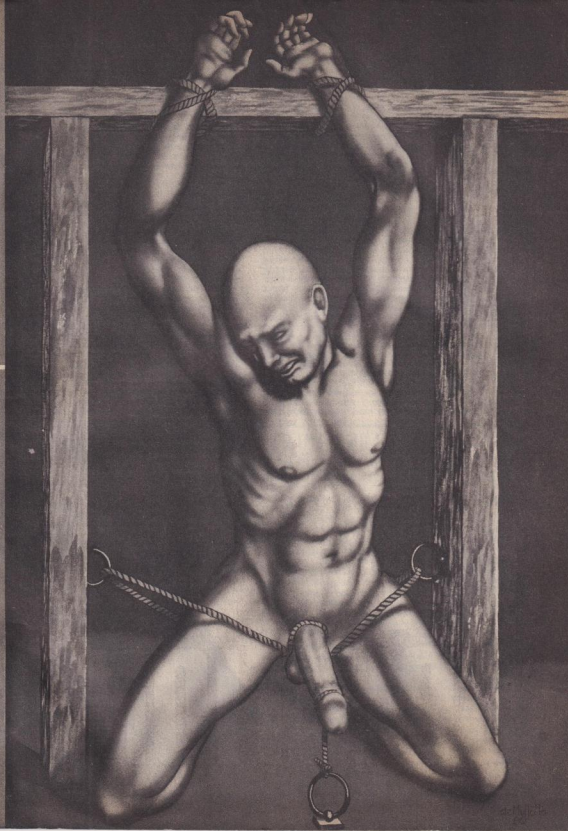
THE FINAL SOLUTION

At a time when words are rapidly evacuating from my mind, Lord Penn wants me to begin a daily record of his stay. He arrived last night. I considered running away. I knew his anger and was certain he would not let me explain. He was going to slug me, but he didn't because I was outside his hotel waiting when his kite arrived. He had thought me incompetent. He had expected me to arrive late, but he found me already there before him. He did not hit me. Instead he terrorized me, crushing me inside his incredible anger to make sure I understood his expectations and the consequences of not meeting them. He disintegrates me. I reassemble. They are transitions verifying my internal strength as well as the profoundness of his power over me. As long as I do not anger him, I have nothing to fear but my own inadequacies and the intensity of my desire to submit to whatever he demands of me. I have glimpsed the eroticism of terror. I have screamed at octaves I never thought were in me, only to find my bone raging larger than puberty and my body somehow fulfilled.

We spend much time in silence. I find myself increasingly wordless, yet filled with sensations shifting, interacting, resolving. The calm is exquisite but not deadening, not really narcotic. He owns me in ways no one else can fathom. I could own him, given enough time and the consolidation of our interaction and his need of me. A master can be destroyed as easily by an intelligent slave as a slave can be destroyed by a stupid sadist. I do not want to own him. I do not want to destroy him anymore than I want to destroy anyone, including myself. When I spread my legs and allow him to belt, squeeze and pinch my bags until I am out of control, dying for some rope to make it more tolerable, thick and sweating in the intensity of my body's anguish, it is as simple as the joy of flexing a muscle.

He thinks me more theatrical than I am. When I finally broke, sobbing between his long legs because I had angered him to the point of his wanting to beat me to a pulp, he asked me, "Is this just for my benefit, or are you being real?"

"I can't fake this," I retorted with an anger that was possible only in my relief at having finally released the turmoil and the need to cry. When he threatened to kill me, I knew at the lowest level that he would not, that I could trust him not to, but higher in my mind I contacted the reality of his killing me. My tears were not fake then. I was not so sure I would not let him do it. When he threatened to burn me with his cigarette, I knew how much he wanted to and was not so sure he would not. I knew I would let him, but pleaded that he not do it. My tears were not fake then. When his bone was finally moving inside me and he whispered his order that I suck his tits with all the desperation of not wanting him to kill me, my tears were fake, but only in that I, rather than he, had instigated them. I, having made that previous contact, could revive its moment, regenerate its anxieties, and then panic for



his pleasure.

When I told him that the pain of his belting, squeezing and pinching my bags was more incredible than any pain I had ever experienced, he thought I was lying, as if my screams had meant nothing, but I am incapable of dishonesty in front of him. He thought me complaining, but I would never think of complaining. It was a natural communication. It was the truth. It upsets me that the truth has disappointed him, that he has to re-evaluate how much pain he can deliver to me. I cannot imagine a pain more horrendous. Maybe crucifixion, except it has rope and the belting did not. He knows being bound in rope would help me endure it, but he will not provide me with even that. I shake to think what he may do to me, and every time the shaking ends, I find my bone has grown amazingly large.

"Wade, when don't you have a bone?"

"I'm not finicky."

SECOND DAY

My mind has orgasmed so many times that I cannot spill. I clutch, scream and toss to escape his belt, then find no harm has been done, am embraced by a snickering giant, and while he sleeps, tremble to think how amazing it would be, wearing chains beside him. I was in his time zone by then, sleeping with his exhaustion, exhausted by him when he was awake. Suddenly I woke to find it dark and knew Daniel was at home. I worried, unable to communicate with him when I knew he was probably unhappy and afraid. I wanted to cheer and strengthen him, then suddenly wondered if I could without killing something new within me.

Lord Penn thinks of us as his stallions.

While Lord Penn and JR talked business, I watched JR's cat hold a live mouse in its teeth and instead of killing it, drop it, pat at its shocked body, and finally flip it into running. I watched the chase weave through JR's room without anyone else noting it. Eventually the mouse escaped under a desk, so the cat amused itself in my lap. I stroked it until it orgasmed and sank its teeth into my hand, keeping them there

while furiously purring until its mind cleared and hummed while licking the blood from my palm.

Everyone is either threatening to end their relationship with me or fearing that part of me is going to die, specifically the part that includes them. They are convinced I won't love them when this is done because they think Lord Penn is stronger and I a fool. If any part of me dies, it will be because they killed it. They are all overreacting and it would anger me more except that I've hurt them, and it hurts. I don't want to hurt them. Nothing is dying inside me. Something that was missing is growing, but I haven't the words to help them understand it. How do I convince them I love them when the only proof they will accept is my abortion of what Lord Penn is giving birth to?

If I abort now, I'll always question whether or not I have the courage to face my totality, the darker as well as the brighter side of me. I'll have chosen the security of what I know and turned away from the opportunity to explore my own infatuation with what I do not know. I will have also risked losing those I love now for the vision of someone I may come to hate. I am not so sure I am not being a fool. Maybe I am destroying something stable for something that will prove brutally fleeting. I only know Lord Penn is unique and probably a once in a lifetime encounter. What I have experienced in SM up till now has felt like an ocean compared to the SM experiences of most of the leather I've met, an ocean compared to the SM experiences of most of the leather I've met, an ocean the astronomy professor and I share. Next to Lord Penn, my ocean feels more like a puddle. It's as if I've stepped out of the sea only to find it a puddle in some terrifying landscape that only Lord Penn has mapped with a sensitivity I trust. What I have to do is convince everyone that I still can and will love our puddle. It is still a universe in its own right, and one I will be less likely to drown in, having better located it within the horizons of what I seem to be searching for.

If they obstruct that search, if I abandon it to satisfy their needs, how can they expect me to do it without resenting them afterward? If I am forced to choose between them and

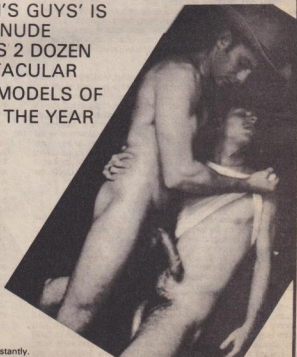
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MODELS OF THE YEAR



Lord Penn, whatever choice I make undermines what I feel for them. They undermine it by hounding me with ultimatums and mockery, hoping I'll withdraw from my own needs for the sake of theirs.

What surprises me, though it shouldn't, is the rapidity with which they have used fantasy to trash my interaction, as if that interaction is any less important because its exploration is internal rather than external. Even if I could convey to them just how real this has become, they would not believe it. They would think me confused, as if my previous intelligence and fortitude has so easily vanished. If they knew how we play, they would think me insane. People cannot imagine playing with life and death without it being suicidal or self-defeating. They are too entrenched in their tragedies and understand only the realities contrived by their society which fathoms no individual.

Lord Penn's kite is sailed with the skins of little boys beaten, stretched and stitched together so that the overall hide is translucent. It seems to fill with blood whenever he hovers over me, the Sun blazing behind his glowing red kite and his predatory body silhouetted like some demon come to use me. He inherited the skins from a cannibal he befriended in New Guinea. He stitched them and stretched them himself, but his stallions lick them end to end every morning, moistening them just enough that they have tightened exactly the way Lord Penn likes by the time he is in the saddle and ready to swing his day into the heat of night. I long to join him on his nocturnal prowls, but I am not yet his best licker and must settle for the love of his belt. I love him so much, it is enough. He acts as if I can choose whether or not to stay with him, but he knows as well as I that I have no choice. He is forever on my mind. I love him. I am his stallion as long as he wants me, and even after he doesn't.

THIRD DAY

Lord Penn has forewarned me that when he is gone I will have new desires, dangerous desires. I must not seek to satisfy them elsewhere. To do so would be suicidal. He has a way of disarming me, putting his hand into my mouth and forcing my eyes to look into his. Being inside his eyes is very uncomfortable. I want desperately to look away. Consequently, I hear everything he says. He put his hand into my mouth then, forced me to look into his vast pale blue eyes, and told me only he could satisfy these new desires without destroying me. Knowing the crowd, I believe him.

The final note during our lunch together was that I am still on trial. Originally I had accepted that he might not want me, that these two weeks are an exploration of our potential together, but then his behavior this weekend signalled that I belonged to him, that there were no questions any longer. Either I satisfied him, never withdrawing, or the moment I withdrew, he would hurt me incredibly. He would not tolerate any failure on my part to meet his expectations at any time in the future. Now I am on trial again. He is not so certain I will meet his expectations and be acceptable as his stallion. I disintegrated. I reassembled. My distress is balanced only by my determination to succeed.

FOURTH DAY

I suddenly remembered I too originally thought a part of me was going to be destroyed. I did not originally see that something new might be born from within. I wonder how much my first letter to Lord Penn inspired his use of the idea of killing me. Did I inspire him or merely confirm my potential for handling his needs? It bothers me he is having doubts again. I am not sure how I've disappointed him. I never know his expectations beyond the immediate.

I should be enjoying my freedom from him these past two days, but so far it has only been time to think perhaps too much. There have been times when I have suddenly focused on my bags and wanted to experience them in his hands again. I am beginning to long for it the way I longed for him to beat my shoulders and elephants that first night I spent with him.

I want to eliminate all these preliminaries. I want to get into our experiment. Sometimes my impatience is as unbearable

as his anger.

Sometimes I think about where Lord Penn may be leading me, the vastness of the experience, and I imagine it will be as singular as the first night I ever opened another man's body.

FIFTH DAY

I've lost contact with what was growing inside me. While I have yet to understand exactly what it is or was, I at least felt it, knew something was growing. I woke in the middle of the night, missing him intensely. I miss him now, even knowing we are supposed to have lunch together. Tonight I am his. I'm desperate for him to use me.

SIXTH DAY

Last night, in a classic comedy of errors, we stomped pillows with a friend of Lord Penn's, a poet, and talked without walls or ceiling. I exposed my elation at being with him again, and he his rapture at interviewing Stew. Stew's life belongs in a history book, but he will never be there because he and his life are inextricably wild. He has not killed millions for the sake of political rearrangement.

The poet had arranged for Lord Penn to stay with him. He told us we could use his bottom bed without worrying about noise. So we did not worry. Lord Penn began squeezing the sharp studs of my crotch harness into the base of my bone and bags, shoving his socks into my mouth to stifle my screams. I was hating and loving it, growing delirious while licking my own blood off his thumb when the lights flashed on. A stranger stood staring down at us, demanding to know who we were. He was the poet's roommate, and even after he realized we were the poet's guests, he ordered us to leave. I could understand his being bothered by my screams — not everyone finds them erotic — but the poet should have known the noise would not be appreciated and the roommate should have simply asked for quiet instead of unconditionally ordering us out and accusing us of planning to rob him. Why we should rob him in the nude is beyond me.

After fuming in a trashcan, we finally caught a bubble to the Slit. The bubble brain, fumbling with p.u.s., suddenly decided Lord Penn had given it 5 not 20. Lord Penn insisted he had given 20 and wanted the 15 difference, suggesting the bubble brain call a candle. We sat waiting for the pops to arrive until Lord Penn lost patience and ordered me to go find a candle alarm. I left the bubble, finally found an alarm and raced back only to find the bubble gone and Lord Penn smoking. I knew in his eyes he wanted to beat me.

"You are three minutes too late. Where were you? Do you know what I've just gone through? I needed a witness and you weren't there," He tossed something at me. "You weren't there." All the night's frustrations boiled, and I was to suffer for it though I had only followed his instructions. The incompetency was in the bubble brain. Lord Penn belted my bone and forced me to let several men drill me. I hated it then, but now I am open to being used that way. He also forced me to suck another man's hole which I hated even more, knowing amoebas are common this season. I dread becoming infested with them. Most of the time, I licked Lord Penn's feet; and sucked on his toes, too tired to want them and yet having to do it passionately to keep him from setting my elephant hairs on fire again. Burning them once was more than enough.

Finally he let me sleep. This morning, as he drilled me, he whispered into my ear hot visions of us in a desert, he a warrior's master and I his slave naked on the sand in his tent, desperately sucking his tits and pleading not to be tossed to his army. Once in the hands of his warriors, I would be staked out and drilled senseless by one man after another, then roasted alive, his men cutting pieces off my body and eating me. I sucked and pleaded to stay in his tent even as he pulled his bone out of me and spilled all over my body. I'm wearing his sperm now. It will still be there tomorrow when he hangs me from a tree and finally delivers his belt to my shoulders and elephants.

Every time Lord Penn wants to spill, my total being must be desperate before him, my pleas clear and convincing. I had trouble pleading and generating anxieties last night. It was all

too theatrical and only briefly reinforced with actual threats, like the time he burned me. I was too exhausted to be imaginative. Next time I'll surprise him, hopefully amuse him, and create the fantasy he can spill in. I think I'll plea not to be crucified.

"Please, Lord, please don't crucify me," Jesus.

When I'm inside his control; I often wonder why I am putting myself through so much I do not enjoy. Sometimes I even come to hate him. But when it's over, when my body is free, aching and thickening, exhausted and filthy, I feel a strange euphoria, a sense of accomplishment, and the satisfaction of knowing I have pleased this violent mind. I have yet to regain that sense of something growing inside me. If it still exists, it has lost definition, perhaps so much a part of me that I can no longer see it.

I worry that this is all there is. Yet, it is difficult removing my body from him, especially once we have snuggled into a cool aftermath, his voice telling me how he will be prouder of me than any executive master ever was of an incorporated slave. In allowing him to use me, I become part of his greatness.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH DAYS

After sailing over elephants in the arms of Blazing Tony, Sheik of a Thousand Competent Tortures, Crusher of Little Men, and Uprooter of Helpless Tongues, my body shivering in the intimidating palm of his spiked gloves, knowing he and Lord Penn are of the same mind, I slid into the bliss of frantic servitude, quietly sensing them between their needs' demands. I have never experienced this side of me before. I never met Lord Penn before. Why am I so determined to do for him what I have refused to do for others behind a fanatic toot for self-reliance?

Something in me has never developed to allow me to keep things in proportion once I am made to feel good about myself in the eyes of others. I cannot handle being the center of attention. My best judgement exists during times of indifference

to myself, times when I am alone and struggling to reach some goal more important than myself, be it my art, the answering of a previously unasked question, or the fulfillment of a loved one's expectations. As soon as I receive too much praise I lose my sensitivity to others. If I receive too much criticism, I lose sensitivity to myself and become either overly self-critical or overly defensive.

Saturated with Lord Penn, I checked the bushes and iron frame to make sure I had not missed one of his ropes or clamps. Men I knew rushed to embrace and fondle me. I snapped, terrified, and signalled them to back off because I was with my Master and sexual contact with others was forbidden. The shock on their faces suddenly activated the theatrical side Lord Penn has been fostering in me, but my theatrics only magnified the truth. Their awe of me from times when they've seen me as a master became the lever to raise Lord Penn before their doubting or indifferent eyes. Wade who had amazed them was himself amazed, even terrified, of another man. I displayed the love around my terror of him, communicating without detail the degree to which he is showing me areas of SM I have never seen before.

On the way back to Lord Penn's hole, the specialist in barbarian tortures charged my frown, exclaiming he was in awe of me. That my rope technique had impressed him at all thrilled me. His barbarian tortures have fascinated me for some time, but then he started lecturing.

"You have a lot to offer, Wade. Slow down. You don't have to put yourself under anyone."

Without his actually saying it, I understood he was assuming that my frantic servitude lacked desire or self-respect and that I needed to be pulled out from under Lord Penn. Anger rolled through me, but I covered it, laughing and assuring him I wanted to be where I was. "It's just my schizo head. I flip a lot. I put my head where it feels good and saturate the moment. Next month I'll probably be tying people up with a vengeance."

Some of my anger must have shown, lecture countering lecture, however cordially. He backed away, suddenly supportive and telling me to be where I was then. I reassured his persistent doubt by stressing again, "For the moment . . ." Secretly I hoped the moment would not end as soon as it would. I find great dignity in serving someone like Lord Penn. What I have to offer as a stallion is as profound and valuable as what I have to offer as a master. Why should one be ultimately preferable to the other?

I gladly retreated into seclusion with Lord Penn and the Sheik with his growing collection of little men, some of which were, at least to me, transparently teasing and in need of stronger chains.

As the night fog darkened around our secret woods, our group gathered inside its cave, the Flame Clown working his bonfire and my bone raging at the thought of being bound in new levis and roped to a stake so close to the fire that the piss of a hundred men would be steaming inside and out of my clothes as I slowly roasted without burning through the night.

I longed for the moment Lord Penn and the Sheik were to suspend me from a tree with another stallion, hanging us face-to-face, stripping us, and roping our bags and our necks together, his tits clamped to mine, and both of us promptly belted for hours. I imagined our bodies tugging against one another, each feeling not only the blows against his own body but those against the other's as well, our minds growing frantic, our shouts piercing each other's ears, our arms racked with a longing for some ground.

It never happened. At the moment of my abduction, my spine kinked and sprawled me under disorienting spasms, plumes of light streaming up my back and agitating a worrisome hatred of my sudden incapacitation and its inconvenience. The pain magnified my hatred until I cried with bitter apologies. Lord Penn slapped me into better service, classifying my behavior as inappropriate and discrediting. His vast blue eyes burned into mine. I froze to think my tears self-indulgent and no credit to his mastery. The Sheik tossed me some crystals and I guzzled them down until the pain and humiliation receded behind a rich stupor and the rest of me opened, laughing in the warmth of men I could automatically appreciate, in love and in fear.

The Sheik returned from what remained of one of his little men and, for the sake of my spiritual redevelopment, forced me to tell him how I like to be bound.



"You're forcing me to be nostalgic," I sighed, enjoying their laughter while secretly struggling with what felt like a violation of some private part of me. The Sheikh snapped into impatience as easily as he snaps in and out of luxuriating in affectionate attentions, always disrupting luxury with the harsh reality of his potential for cruelty. He wanted information.

"Start with the ankles, bind them tight."

He bound my toes, ankles, and then, as instructed, the entire length of my legs, binding with a delicious tightness, but with none of the brutality I would have applied to myself. I accepted it, uncertain of how intense my body would become under his competent torture. Given enough suffering, delicious could have easily become nauseatingly cruel.

I never suffered. He bound my bags and bone more brutally and lited my arms behind me, but he did not torture me. Instead, his wind soared through my flesh, fueling locomotive lungs and shattering my thoughts into muscular labor. I scattered into a crazed ecstasy and would have spilled had his wind blown more furiously and the ropes not loosened. His wind found another cloud, his own, his great arms embracing my bound body as it panted in a thick float and I soared to sense his eye.

So much leather and so few who appreciate the real power of rope, so few who know how to tie with hate. Perhaps it is for the best. This way attacking my own body with rope remains the one special rite I have for and with myself. What they can do to me I could never do to myself.

Why do I hear two pairs of boots tapping to kick me?

Lord Penn wanted me back, so the Sheikh dumped me into his lap, departing only after he had the opportunity to enjoy my agony as he unbound the pinching thong from around my bone and bags. The rest of me remained in forever loosening rope.

Lord Penn ordered tacks. Terror crystallized like cold porcelain in my bones, my thoughts feverish with the knowledge of what he was about to do. I felt my bag stretched over a block of wood, whimpered and fretted, chewing teeth as the tack slowly poked then pierced, punching through two layers of skin. The sharp pressure nauseated me as I screamed past the sweaty socks that Lord Penn had lovingly stuffed into my mouth.

He stretched my other bag. My belly pulsed, my head crazed with anxieties as the second tack poked, pierced and punched through, even more unbearable than the first. My body seemed to swell and thicken simultaneously, and I knew it would only grow worse. One or two tacks more and my screams would blubber, and by the time all seven tacks had my bags stretched and pinned, I would be hysterical. I hungered for it, soaring in the terror when suddenly he stopped.

I wanted to shout, "No!", to beg him to continue, but there were too many socks in my throat and I dared not object. Lord Penn came to my ear. "Wade? Do you want to see?"

I opened my eyes to the amazement of seeing each bag stretched and pinned to a wooden block. I remember being surprised to see no blood.

"Next time I'll have to sit you and another slave crotch to crotch, force you to have a contest. You can take turns tacking each other's bags down just to see who'll crack first." Lord Penn's eyes glistened with sadistic amusement. I laughed, shouting as the tacks were pulled out. He removed the socks from my mouth and untied me, then nonchalantly placed his bone into my mouth and pissed. I drank lovingly, then desperately as his bladder proved larger than my belly. Lord Penn finished and noted the moisture in my eyes. My awe remained disciplined, my mind flowing slow and smooth until it was free of delirium and giggling. Wiping my mouth clean, I collapsed and laughed with my Lord.

I had guzzled too many crystals to share in my Lord's exhaustion, but he needed to sleep. He wanted me to share the bed with him, but knew it was too soft for the good of my kinked spine, so he offered me something of even greater meaning. He shoved his filthy socks back into my mouth and around my face, wrapped them there in ace bandages and mummified me for the night, leaving me to sleep at the foot of his bed. It was where I belonged beside my master. It was where I would sleep with the most profound contentment.

I lay there for long hours, listening to the night, adoring the sounds of my Lord sleeping above me. I grew cold and yet took delight in it, finding some sort of greatness in my act, as

if it made my Lord's sleep any easier. Occasionally someone far away screamed. The sounds of a belt breaking will punctuated lengthy silences. I hovered in a pleasant state of half-sleep, snug inside the squeeze, the touch of ace bandages, dreaming that in suffering I remained awake to guard my Lord against intruders. My shouts would be his alarm.

Thoughts shifted in and out of my yawns, but one remained the clearest of them all. Sometime near dawn I became acutely aware of the fact that as unnerving as civilization may be, without it I would never have met these people. I would be alone in a maddening tribe, surrounded by heteroneurotic conformists seeing no more than their singular reality, provincialism in the extreme. I would have no one who would tolerate — forget appreciate — me. I would be too complex. I would be too rare. I would only tolerate the people of my tribe as far as they tolerated me. I would only appreciate them as much as they nurtured and were nurtured by me. Stranded in a tribe as alien to me as I was to them, I would hate my own species. But in a civilization, in a far vaster crowd of people, I could find the rare. Here I can stink with sexually compatible, erotic intelligent "perverts," and in that I find hope. It would seem that only in the worldwide unification of human consciousness and its absorption of a growing diversity of behavioral potentials can the genius of our species accumulate, synthesize, and enrich its awareness of itself and the cosmos that harbors it.

I laughed to find such thoughts inside a mummy.

The next morning Lord Penn and the Sheikh surrounded me while I lay naked by the pool. They began kicking me and I laughed defensively, awaiting a more genuine terror. Instead they stopped and left me, disgusted. I have to remember they enjoy what they do to me only if I do not — at least overtly.

NINTH DAY

I wonder at the emptiness of knowing he will not take me tonight, and dread what is happening to the part of me that is Daniel. I do not trust my present infatuation. It has not with-

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stood the test of three years, and yet it burns within me more fiercely the closer I come to the day Lord Penn will depart. Much of me wants to go with him. Much of me does not want to hurt Daniel, for he too is very much a part of me.

Still, I am so exhausted from constantly parring with so many egos, it will feel good to settle inside my own and write, to generate visions that can only be experienced through my words.

What I really long for right now is to be under the fear of Lord Penn, I want the simplicity of serving only him. I want to clear him from the parring, the misadventures, the intrusions, and to open this week so we will be freer to explore our potentials together.

TENTH DAY

I want our interaction to be, it already feels, more and more biblical, as if I were Joseph and he the Pharaoh, Daniel and Nebuchadnezzar. I want to serve Lord Penn emotionally. I want to be there for him when he needs intimacy. I want to be there when he needs to beat the worms out of someone. I want to be there when he needs another perspective on his problems, another thought, another voice. I want to be his companion and still live in terror of him. Bagoas beside Alexander the Great. Dare I say it to his face?

ELEVENTH DAY

The group thinks I am deteriorating. They do not seem to understand the passions of love. They also think I am abandoning all that I cherish. Why are they so certain I need to be rescued? I should be glad they at least appreciate Lord Penn's power, but how they belittle it infuriates me. How they belittle my own intelligence and inner strength infuriates me.

How can so much leather have so little insight into erotic terror and the beauty of what is developing between Lord Penn and me. I wish they would all keep their sneezing out of our faces and open their eyes to an unfolding perfection.

I am in heaven and I resent there being so much garbage in the background.

It was good to be home with Daniel. I could touch him again and contact his importance to me. I bathed in the browns and greens of his big solid eyes. He is so warm, and the sight of him still stirs me, bone and mind. It is possible to totally love two men at once.

I met Stew last night, over seventy years fully awake and laughing. He is the frisky old man I hope to become, unshaken by the wars of a petty convention. In a chuckled parring of egos, I "mortally offended him."

"Not to worry when one is dealing with the immortal," I chuckled, wanting to kiss the glint in his eye.

TWELFTH DAY

Lord Penn fantasized abducting me and taking me back with him to his pod in New Zealand.

I would worship him for life.

JR told him, "You can take him from his lover, you can take him from his job, you can take him from his clothes, but you cannot take him from his manuscripts."

I would hate him for what he did to Daniel. I would worship him for what he did to me. There was much truth when I told him I would worship him for life. Who else would carry me away to his dungeon in the sky?

THIRTEENTH DAY

Lord Penn communicated to tell me he might leave a day early. I could not hide my disappointment, but wish I had. I contacted too late where his mind is, and am suddenly empathizing with his needs. I too will ultimately be glad to return to my art. We would be killing what is between us if we did not recognize that need and give it a home again. At least he is still planning to have our experiment. Tonight I enter hell, hopefully to discover just how erotic terror can become.

For the second time, an encoder has refused to print Lord Penn's manifesto despite previous agreements with forewarnings as to its subject matter. Lord Penn was laughing, but I could feel his pain. We have grown too empathic these past few days for me not to feel it. This week has frustrated and disturbed him even more than last week did, and it vexes me that I can do nothing to clear him of it.

I despise little minds. I want to crush their pathetic skulls until they are just as little as their thoughts, their dignity. It infuriates me the degree to which human ignorance is so self-reinforcing, so persistently shallow in its receptivity to alternative realities. I anger even more, knowing that the encoders are also pussyboys and even our common oppression has not enlightened them enough for them to recognize and sympathize with the special oppression against stinky leather.

This is going to either undermine or feed tonight. If Lord Penn is as flustered and angry as I am, he may beat me like I have never been beaten before. I've bathed in providing him the intimacy he needed this week. It is time I provide him with a body. He can take his frustrations out on mine. I offer it willingly, lovingly, selfishly.

I paced, knowing for the first time that Lord Penn would be in pain. Before, I thought tattooing his chest would be as painless as tattooing an elephant, but Stew assured me it was no rib — Lord Penn would be in pain. When my Lord arrived, I swallowed my anxieties, busying myself with the details of serving him, forcing myself into his spiked crotch harness and donning his piss-soaked levis. I did not want him to see my fear for him.

The sight of my Lord in pain fascinated me. Having never delivered pain to him, I had no way to gauge the stimulus through his reactions. Would my own reaction to the same needle be as intense as his or calmer, finding it more familiar and erotic? I admired the ease with which Lord Penn transferred his pain from his chest into his jaws and feet. The vision of his forever moving boots transfixed me inside a hard heat. His thickly socked feet squirmed in my mind.

Lord Penn has discovered that his ordeal somehow released much of the anxiety generated within him by this past week. He has tasted the ecstasy of a slave.

I had expected the insanity of two solid days of unending bondage and torture. Instead, the descent into hell was slow and arduous in its prolonged and admittedly foolish expectations. I thought I was in hell when he shaved my body, all of me hating him at the same time I loved him. I was not yet in hell. Nor had I arrived many hours later when he snappered the most sensitive regions of my body, scraping shrieks until my only sanity was the struggle of my feet bound and sweating in loose thick socks while my hands were roped fiercely to the base of my bone.

It was not hell when he hung me from chains and whipped my elephants with a wire brush until I was throwing myself anywhere to escape however briefly, only to be confronted with the shocking sight of his hand covered and dripping with my blood. The horror passed, fleeting into the lust to lick his hand clean. Instead he smeared my blood over my face and legs, then attacked me again for more blood to smear across my hairless chest and crotch, and then again so he could drink. He drank my blood, tonguing and sucking my wounds when the slightest touch was unbelievably excruciating. Still, I wanted him to drink more than he did, confident he would then nurse me back to health. Understanding this, it was not hell when he then poured alcohol over my bleeding elephants and buried me under a searing sterilization. My screams would have been boring had they not been so inadequate.

I was still descending, not yet there, when he belted my back so hard I separated from it, unable to appreciate it until he finally stopped and sprawled below me to look up at my suffering with a cold deliberation. He said it was over. I bawled spontaneously, suddenly appreciating how much he had done to me as the shock waves bolted through my body and all of me arched, blasting with a roar that did not want to stop, a spasm, and then another roar senseless in its fury and screaming. All this was too erotic to be hell.

Not until he embraced me and caressed me and told me he would call for me to move into his dungeon over New Zealand did I enter hell, Daniel and Lord Penn simultaneously immediate, two total loves battling in a futile grab for resolution. Lord Penn promised me a nervous breakdown. It was neither

offered nor to be found in two days of unending bondage and torture, but in a moment of two equal and conflicting loves, I am torn apart, my only comfort in the postponement of a decision.

How do I face Daniel? How do I spare him what I am going through without absolute dishonesty? It would be a cowardly cheat to tell him all is fine when all is chaos. And yet I know Daniel, and he may give me no other choice. I want to be an animal, and animals, above all else, are uncanny in their knack for survival.

There are sides of me Lord Penn does not know — the part that likes to crawl inside thick socks and wool tights snug before a fire or curled inside a pile of sheepskins; the part that is more Indian and loves wearing moccasins and running around the house in deerskin britches; the part that desperately seeks the fulfillment as well as the growth of my creative energy and requires a wide diversity of constant informational input along with periods of intensely selfish isolations; the part that loves being surrounded with music from Medieval to avant-garde; the part that panics at the possible loss of my potential for self-sufficiency; the part of me that can become incredibly childish and revel in the presence of stuffed giraffes; the part that needs everything to stop so I can finish my books inside the security of there being no questions, no extraneous conflicts, only concepts unfolding and resolving on paper; the part that is Daniel.

How trivial some parts may seem while others are crucial to my growth and happiness. How easily could the trivial be abandoned and how long would it be before even they would rear violently as a need resenting its deprivation?

Lord Penn is not the totality. Daniel is not the totality. I crave both to a depth neither appreciates and I fear complementation may be impossible. I am trying to balance the passion of two weeks with the resolution of three years, confused by the questionable wisdom of daring the unknown and the questionable cowardice of remaining with past securities. Do I want the courage to reach for a dream at the risk of losing all that has been gained? Do I want the caution of returning to where I was at the risk of becoming forever nagged by what could have been?

The world is telling me I am a fool and Lord Penn incredibly selfish. They are words the world often tacks onto those who would confront the complications of a vaster vision and those who would strive for some sort of self-fulfillment. They are words spoken by those striving for their own interests and security.

Lord Penn said we are riding a dangerous cusp between reality and fantasy. What I need to know is whether or not it is in my best interest to abandon the certainty of Daniel for a passion that may destroy me. The passion may prove as adept at fulfilling me as Daniel and feed me so I'll grow where I would never grow otherwise. It is a gamble I want to better know the odds on. Both men are so incredibly special, in their intelligence, in their underlying sensitivity, in their maturity. Does Lord Penn really want to care for me? Does he really want so much responsibility and do I want to abandon it? Would we destroy each other with unexpected resentments, or would we feed each other so that we would both grow spiritually as well as artistically and prove we were not the fools the world thinks we are?

The safety of the certain versus the risk of the unknown — both have potential, but which is ultimately best for me?

My life would be so much easier if I were an amoeba.

But I'm not and I wish to hell I loved one more than the other. I wish he had abducted me, even if the wish does make me a coward. He will probably come for me. I imagine I will leave here, crying beside him but happy I'm going.

In the daze of his baseness, I have scissored breezes to a secluded beach and am sprawled among the bug-infested bushes. A brown sea shimmers and crystallizes like some marvelous blanket at my feet, its green tinges forever erupting and cooling, and all around is the sky burning like a vast pale blue eye I cannot avoid. I am incredibly empty, and yet I am fulfilled. Somewhere I am a part of all this. Somehow I am grander than I am.

I must prepare myself for the final evacuation.

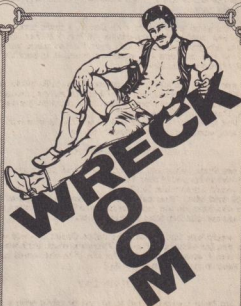
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DRUMMER 23

I was new in town, didn't know anyone, needed a place. My old apartment in New York had made me sick of cramped quarters; I needed space.

I had no intention of moving into some tacky apartment complex with a swimming pool and uptight neighbors. I wanted something different. A room in a house with laid-back people. Cooperative living. I had done that back in my student days. It might be just what I needed to make me feel at home in this fucked-up town. They say New York is impersonal. Give me those hordes on the subways any day over the human automatons in steel modules that cruise the superfreeways in Houston. Forget the sweltering heat; this town is all cold concrete and glass. Maybe that explains the incredible murder rate. Lots of mental illness down here.

Saturday morning I biked over to Montrose and found a health food restaurant. I leafed through a few of the free underground rags that were stacked in front of the cash register. Plenty of classifieds. One of them seemed to be just what I wanted.

Liberated person needed to share 3-story house w/2 w.lm. You help in house, garden, get privacy, fresh vegs. \$90/mo.,

The address was on Beauchamp Street. I asked the cashier if she knew where it was. North of downtown she said. A restoration area. Her boyfriend lived there. Lots of trees and big old houses. Mixed neighborhood: Chicanos, Blacks, old couples, student types.

I had an alfalfa sprout salad to get myself in the mood and biked up to Beauchamp. I thought about

BLUE LIGHT

by AARON TRAVIS

removing the studded band of leather around my left bicep, decided against it. If I moved in, they'd figure out my proclivities soon enough. Better to start out being open.

The house was set on a corner, and dominated everything around it. Texas Victorian style, with yellow clapboard walls and a green roof. Lots of decorative carved wood. The successive stories were set back in tiers; a jumble of gables directed my eyes up to the octagonal room at the top, where the domed roof came to a point. It seemed perched on the house like an eagle's nest, high above the tops of the oaks and pecan trees.

The yard was like a jumble, dense and green. Shady trees, century plants, stands of wild bamboo, even a few spindly yuccas. So far it looked like a bargain. Two women were sitting on the front porch. As I walked up, they stopped talking and looked me over. I did the same to them.

They both looked a little overweight, and wore their hair long and frizzy. Late twenties, early thirties. Loose, lacy cotton dresses and sandals, circa 1968. I learned their names were Karen and Sharon. Karen wore thick glasses. Sharon wore contacts. Karen smoked lots of dope and read science fiction magazines. Sharon smoked lots of dope and rode a Harley, which gave us something to talk about. They both made good money working for Ma Bell and were old, old friends.

Sharon had to work on her bike, so Karen gave me a



Illustration by KEN WOOD

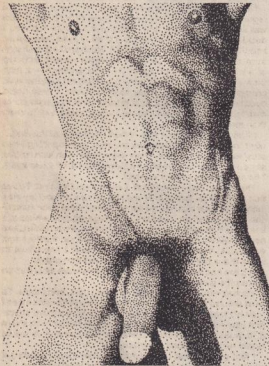
walk-through. The first floor ceilings were twelve feet high. All the wallpaper had been stripped off. The walls were dark lumber. The women had separate rooms on the first floor. There was also a big bathroom, a living room, library (shelf after shelf of *Analog* and *fantasy* and *Science Fiction*—), and a cavernous kitchen with yellow plaster walls. There was a poster of Janis Joplin over the refrigerator.

A back door off the kitchen opened onto a small wooden porch. They had turned the back yard into an impressive garden.

"Now, I'll show you your room," Karen said.

The stairway was narrow and steep. The second floor was much smaller. A short, dark hallway — bathroom at one end, an empty room at the other.

The room had a low ceiling and narrow, floor-length windows. The dark stippled walls made it seem smaller than it was. It was U-shaped, with windows facing every direction. The drapes were gray with age and dirt. The furniture was sparse; the bed was a mattress on the floor. I saw possi-



ties. I told Karen I liked it.

As we stepped back into the hallway, I looked up the last flight of steps. They ended in a trapdoor.

"You might as well see the rest of the house," Karen offered. "I think Michael's out, but I'm sure he wouldn't mind." I followed her up the short flight. She pushed the door open a few inches and peered inside, eyes at floor level.

"Just want to make sure there aren't any burnt offerings or spilled entrails on the floor," she said.

"Huh?"

Karen laughed. "I'm just kidding. Sort of. Michael's into some pretty weird stuff." She pushed the trapdoor open. "Looks okay. Come on up."

We were in the octagonal room at the top of the house. Four walls and four windows. The windows were covered by heavy black drapes that admitted no light, making the room seem like a sealed chamber. I wondered where the faint light

came from, realized it was concentrated in a bar in the center of the room. I looked up. A tiny stained glass skylight shaped like an eight-pointed star was set in the center of the high ceiling.

"Michael owns the place. You may not meet him for a while. He keeps odd hours eats up here in his room—."

As she spoke, I looked around. A large four poster bed against one wall, ancient looking wooden caskets set with bronze hinges, a huge wooden chair that looked like a medieval throne. Squat, thick candles were set all about the room. Pentangles and other symbols, indistinct in the darkness, painted in white on the purple walls and high domed ceiling.

I walked to a bookcase close by. Only a few of the authors were familiar: Dennis Wheatley, Aleister Crowley, Anton Levay.

"He's a Satanist?" I asked, mildly curious. I had known stranger types.

"Michael? Oh no! I mean, he doesn't hold black masses or anything like that. At least I don't think so. Actually I don't know what he does up here. Sharon and I stay pretty much on the ground floor."

I moved in that afternoon.

That evening I ate in the kitchen. Sharon and Karen were good company. I kept expecting to see my third housemate, but he never showed.

I was tired and nervy after a day of moving, and decided I needed an evening out. I checked out a couple of bars, then hit one of the baths. I stumbled in around four in the morning, trying not to make too much noise on the creaky stairs. I noticed there was a thin edge of light around the trapdoor to the octagonal room.

I woke up, headachy. Sometime in the late morning. Sunlight was streaming in the room. I got up, half asleep, to close the drapes. One of the windows looked down on the garden. I saw a man there, shovelling.

From the steep angle I couldn't see much except his head and shoulders. He was wearing dirty white overalls. His hair was long — almost to his waist — and black, pulled back from his face in a ponytail. His untanned shoulders were broad and solid. They were beautiful to watch as he dug the shovel into the earth and scooped it out.

He suddenly stood up straight, turned toward the house, and looked up at me.

He was very tall; easily over six feet. The overalls fit tight around his waist, emphasizing the incredible width of his chest and shoulders. Sweat made the sunlight glimmer in the deep cleft between his pectorals. His face was young and spotted with dirt. I was struck by how white and smooth his skin was, like ivory.

He rested one hand on the shovel at his side, raised the other to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

I stood naked at the full-length window as we looked at each other — naked except for the leather arm band, which I never take off. I tried to smile, despite the pain cracking my head. Now why couldn't I have run into that at the baths last night, I thought. Then I closed the drapes and went back to bed.

I thought I might see him later in the day. I asked Karen if he was around. In his room, she said. Working.

"What does he do?"

"I don't really know," she shrugged. "I say 'working' because he doesn't like anybody to disturb him when he's upstairs."

I took the hint.

There was no sign of him for several days. I wanted another look at those shoulders and arms. It became a mild obsession.

I had set my bed opposite the door to my room. I took to leaving the door open when I was in. I lay on the bed, shirtless, reading or smoking, one eye on the hallway. Sooner or later I'd see him pass by.

That was how I spent my evenings that first week in the house, reading in bed and waiting for a chance to meet Michael. Somehow he eluded me. I must have read Karen's entire collection of *Amazing Stories* that week.

It became a game. It is my nature to win games.

Friday night I was hot. Ready to grab him off the stairs and drag him into my room. And sure enough, around nine o'clock, I heard footsteps on the lower stairway.

I lowered the magazine in my hands so I could see over it, and watched a man appear headfirst in the hallway. He was not Michael. But he easily drove the week-long obsession with my landlord from my mind.

He was blond, short hair, butch features, mustache. Dressed in a sleeveless T shirt that showed off a well stacked torso. Skin golden from the sun. A lot like me, in fact.

He was tall, taller than me; maybe taller than Michael. I automatically glanced at his crotch. No data: the pants were too loose to show. So I concentrated my stare at the nipples that stood out under that tight shirt. I wanted to bite them.

Obviously gay. Or so I thought: when his eyes met mine, I tried to look him in with a cold stare. I said hi. And got no response, except a mumble. He kept walking, up to the trapdoor. I craned my neck and saw him disappear into an arc of soft yellow light. The pants made his crotch a mystery, but they couldn't have flattered his ass more.

I got up from bed and walked quietly into the hall. Looked up at the closed trapdoor. It was quiet for a while, then I heard voices — louder than normal, a fight. The men's voices were distinct; one was much louder than the other.

Then heavy footsteps overhead. I almost booted for my room, thinking one of them was about to leave. Then the argument resumed. A silence, and their voices returned, quieter. Another silence, then shouting. Then a quiet so long I decided they had made up and gone to bed.

I returned to my room. Just as I sat on the bed, wondering where I had put my Houston bar guide, there was a dim light in the hallway, and feet on the upper stairs. It was the blond man, leaving. I tried to catch his attention, but he kept his eyes straight ahead.

Shortly after the blond left, the trapdoor opened again. The game had paid off.

My cock was hard. It showed as a thick ridge in my jeans. My torso has a thin sheen of sweat from the heat. I rose from the bed and stepped into the hallway just as Michael did.

His black hair was unbound and hung straight, parted in the middle. It was beautiful, sleek and thick like combed silk.

He had one of those paradoxical faces, that look more masculine with long hair than short. His face was slightly narrow, features large but delicate, perfectly balanced and made perfect by flawless cream colored skin. His eyes were dark brown. Long lashes. Straight black eyebrows. He had a wide mouth and full lips. They looked red and moist against the pale cheeks. He looked 23. He had to be older than that.

His body was even better than I had thought. Huge square-muscled shoulders. His biceps seemed to fill his upper arms to bursting — a pale blue vein ran down the length of each muscle, and split the front of his arms into sharply defined slopes of dark and light. His pecs were two distinct square slabs that rose from his chest. The dark nipples, set far to the lower corner of each slab, were the size of half-dollars and perfectly flat. His lower chest and stomach was an expanse of gentle ridges that funnelled, V-shaped, to narrow muscle-flat hips. The twin arcs of his pelvis were as deep and defined as Michaelangelo's *David*.

He was wearing nothing but minuscule white nylon briefs, so sheer that his big flaccid cock and ballsack nestled visibly inside. Below, his legs were fluid pillars of muscle. And over all was his skin, glowing pale amber in the light reflected from the wood, virtually hairless, soft and firm, muting the finely etched muscles, projecting only hugeness and beauty.

He smiled faintly. "You must be the new guy." His voice was almost artificially deep.

I extended my hand and we shook, head style.

"Yeah. Name's Bill Gray."

"Well I'm Michael Black, Black and Gray, huh? That's cute." There was not a trace of humor in his voice.

Our hands stayed locked together and I looked into those deep brown eyes. I knew that while I had been taking in his body, all in an instant, he had done the same with mine. I was ready.

Then he broke the handshake and turned to go. "Be seeing you," he said simply, and walked to the bathroom. The long black hair fanned over his wide back and almost obscured the breathtaking narrowness of his waist. His ass, small and round with muscle, seemed to shimmer inside the nylon briefs. I noticed for the first time just how large his legs were. My two hands wouldn't have met around his calves.

The next morning I asked Karen about the blond visitor. "Oh, that must have been Carl," she said. "Yeah, he used to live here. In your room."

I didn't see Michael again that weekend. After that, now and again. But only briefly. And he was always distant.

I knew he was gay. The blond hunk Carl turned out to be a regular visitor, sometimes coming three times a week. Carl was so oblivious of me and the band around my left arm, I decided he has to be another top. I knew they had rough sex. I could hear them above me at night. Flesh striking flesh with a sweaty crack. Heavier blows — a distinct whoosh and snap of a whip. Knees knocking on the wooden floor — a man crawling — the thud of a body knocked against the wall, crumpling to the floor. They seldom spoke. I only heard occasional moans in a low, rumbling tone that sometimes rose to a roar — Michael's voice. I would make him do more than moan.

I had fantasies about him. When I see a beautiful man, I want to own him. Michael was the most exciting thing I had brushed with in months. There were other men with bodies as good. It was the pale skin and long hair that set him apart. The look of natural innocence.

This game, too, I would win. I knew what I wanted. To see that pretty face, those thick red lips twisted around my nine inches. To hear him gag on it and groan in that deep masculine voice. To strain that bass into a high-pitched whimper. I imagined him naked, erect, on his knees — arms twisted and bound behind his back, big chest thrust up hairless and vulnerable, the hair adding a savage twist. I knew how to make those big flat nipples stand up red and sharp.

His ass had limitless possibilities. Every mark would show across the pale drum-tight flesh.

His hair would have its uses. To inflict pain, bring tears. To twist around his neck and choke him. To use as reins when I rode his face like a saddle. Later it might have a more important use — as a final act of humiliation, to force him to shave it. It would strip his last resistance, like Samson. It would signal his degradation to slavery.

I had gotten what I wanted from other men. I would get what I wanted from him. I had plans for Michael Black.

My chance came the next Saturday. I got up around noon, feeling rested and ready for anything. I slipped into a pair of jeans and went down to the kitchen to make a sandwich.

The door to the back porch was open. Michael was sitting on the steps, looking at the garden. My heart speeded up. I stepped outside and sat beside him.

"Mind if I join you?"

"No." He glanced at me, looked back at the garden. He was wearing a pair of jeans that hugged him from crotch to calves like a glove, and a white tank top that looked a size too small around his shoulders but hung loosely below his pecs. His waist must have been around 28 inches; his chest maybe 50. "You must work out a lot," I said. It seemed a natural opening.

"Yeah. Couple of hours a day. And Lan-Tzu class three times a week." He glanced at my naked chest. "You too?"

I shrugged. "When I was in New York. I haven't found a

gym here yet."

"I'll take you to mine."

I accepted that as a compliment. I knew he worked out in a genuine meat factory, not a production line franchise. He was warming.

"You don't get much sun, though. Sensitive skin?"

"No," he said. "I'm just not crazy about sunlight. I'm basically a nocturnal animal." He picked up a joint and a book of matches from a lower step. He lit it, inhaled, and offered it to me wordlessly. I shook my head.

"Gave it up about a year ago, when it started doing strange trips on my head. Thanks, though."

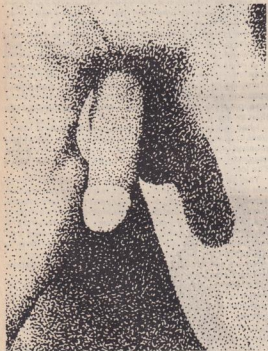
"Too bad, Sharon grows some pretty mean weed in the garden." He exhaled through clenched teeth. "It helps me focus my power."

Whatever turns you on, I thought.

"You're not originally from Houston, are you?" I asked.

"No. Southern California."

"Why would you leave that for this?"



"Too much sun out there, for one thing." He smiled. "And work's easier here."

"Oh? I didn't think you worked."

"I work," he said coolly. I got the idea he didn't care to talk about it. But after another hit, he elaborated. "I supply special experiences for people who can pay. Experiences they can't get anywhere else. I like Houston because people here have lots of money and not much imagination. They ask for easy stuff, and pay through the nose for it. Not like the Coast. People there wanted heavy trips, really taxed my energy. And there are more of us out there. Here I'm a rarity."

The joint was making him talkative. It was pretty murky, but I got the idea: He was a hustler. He had a very special appeal; the paying market might be small, but he had a corner on it. There must be plenty of rich country-born fags in Houston who'd pay to stick it to a muscular young longhair.

I decided to play dumb. "Shit man — you mean sex?"

He stared straight ahead, jaw tight, and took another hit. "Sometimes. But I don't always charge for that. I enjoy myself too much." He gave me a Mona Lisa smile.

That was a relief. I'd never paid to screw a guy and I didn't intend to start now, even with Michael.

We sat in silence until he finished the joint. He turned his face to mine. His brown eyes seemed to sparkle. Jaw a little slack. A real stone bunny, I thought, in the palm of my hand. I slid my hand over his thigh and onto his cock, rock hard and thick inside the tight denim.

"Wanna go upstairs?" I said.

He paused, staring at my face. I stared back and squeezed his cock, until I got the answer I wanted.

"Sure."

"My room," he said as we emerged on the first landing. I followed him up through the trap door.

He made a circuit of the room, lighting candles until the chamber flowed with soft amber light like a chapel for the dead in a cathedral. He pulled a cord that slid a cover over the tiny skylight, leaving only candlelight for illumination. It was high noon outside, but here it was midnight. Then he made another circuit of the room, pulling open the black velvet drapes.

The four windows had been sealed over on the inside. In their place were full-length mirrors.

The deep darkness above, the dim light, the mirrors all around, made it impossible to sense the true dimensions of the room. It seemed to expand into infinity, like the images in those opposing mirrors. I was in his private world now, a place outside of time and space.

The effect was very special, secretive and hypnotic. And promising. Michael had imagination.

I walked to the middle of the room and took a stance with fists on my hips. I could feel my cock pulsing halfway down my left leg. Michael finished his preparations and stood before me, hands at his sides.

"Strip," I said. The word sounded sharp in the muffled silence.

He looked at me for a moment, expressionless. Feeling me out. Then he grabbed the bottom seam of his tank top and pulled it over his shoulders. Suddenly I knew who he reminded me of. L'il Abner. The exaggerated shoulders and chest, the wasp waist, the bulging thighs and calves.

"Yeah," I breathed. "Now your pants."

They were so tight he had to peel them off, turning them inside out. His balance never faltered as he bent over and lifted his feet. He was graceful as a dancer.

He stood. Slid his fingers under the waistband of the clinging briefs.

"Leave those on," I said quietly. I wanted to save the sight of his naked ass for later. His cock was hard, causing a bulge that pulled the waistband an inch from his flat belly.

He pulled his hands clear and waited for the next command.

I took my time. We had a staredown. Michael never lowered his eyes. I could read no expression in them.

"Come here," I said. He walked to me slowly. It was beautiful to watch him move. Even a simple act like walking he performed with animal grace, fluid and sexual.

He stopped a good foot away. I didn't like the fact that his face was above mine. It wouldn't be for long.

He raised his right hand to touch the leather band around my left bicep. "You have a beautiful body," he said softly. He brought his hands to my chest, combed his fingers through the thick mat of bond hair. "Like Carl," he whispered.

I grabbed his wrists and pushed his hands to my crotch. "Take it out."

He looked down as he unbuttoned my jeans, spread the flaps and circled his fingers around the tick downturned base of my cock. He had to use both hands to pull it out.

He held it tightly. I saw a strange smile on his downturned

face. He weighed it in his hands.

"Yeah. Big and heavy. Just like Carl's."

I tried not to be irritated by the comparisons. They appeared to be lovers, after all.

"Then get on your knees and suck it. Just like you suck Carl's cock."

Michael knelt. In the mirrors to my left and right I saw his body, lean and sleek in profile. I watched my cock head slide between his lips. In the mirror before me I saw his back thrust ass inside the translucent briefs. I twisted the hair at the nape of his neck into a single cord and pulled it aside, used it to hold his head in place. The twin slopes of his buns flowed up into his back, split by the shadow-dark crease of his arched spine into two inverted triangles of pure muscle.

His back was untouched. Maybe Carl didn't want to see that ivory perfection marred by welts. Michael would find out soon enough where the comparisons ended between Carl and me —

— I yanked his head forward and gave a sudden thrust with my hips, trying to catch him off guard. Start him off gagging. Get his saliva running. Make him take it my way from the very start.

But it slid down his throat without a hitch. I looked down at his upturned face. His eyes were shut; the long lashes flickered. His cheeks were drawn taut. His thick red lips circled the base of my shaft. His jaw was thrust sharply into my balls. A solid pound of flesh down his throat.

I looked at our profiles in the mirror. His kneeling body was arched like a bow. The bulge in his shorts looked like a trapped fist. His gullet was unnaturally distended, packed with nine thick inches of meat.

I deepfucked his face, never retreating more than three inches. Watched his throat expand and contract. The candlelight flashed on the trickles of spit that ran from the corners of his mouth onto his corded neck. I don't know how he managed to breathe.

I pulled his head back by the hair in my fist and emptied his throat with a jerk. Keep him cock-hungry. He leaned back, gasping for breath. His mouth and chin were wet with spit. The firelight made his full, parted lips glisten obscenely.

I rested my cock head against his lower lip while he caught his breath.

Michael swallowed, and spoke, moving his wet lips over the knob of my cock head. "You must have some toys down in your room." He rolled his eyes up to mine.

I smiled. Things were going fine. "Yeah. In a wooden locker by my bed." I reached down to gently squeeze his right nipple. "Go get it."

He obeyed instantly.

In the moment he was gone I stripped off my jeans. I flexed, and looked at my reflection in the mirrors. Michael had said I had a fine body—a real compliment from a man with a virtually flawless physique—and why not? I was not as tall as he was, or as broad; thicker in the chest, more compact. The years I had spent working off the anxieties of New York life through sweat and hard exercise had paid off, many times.

I liked the difference in our bodies. My deep tan and stark tan line against his pale flesh, the rich golden hair on my chest and limbs against his sleek nudity. The nine inch column of flesh that stuck up from my crotch, and that hard round ass of his, about to be split open. I pumped my left arm, and watched the bicep strain against the studded band.

Michael returned. He knelt and placed the long box at my feet.

"Go ahead," I told him. "Open it. If you see something you like—ask for it."

He lifted the lid and gazed down at the jumble of steel and leather. He noticed the dozen varieties of tit clamps. He picked up a chain-linked pair and stared at them.

"You're into pain," he murmured naively, half question and half statement. "You like to put these on other men's nipples. Twist them. Pull on them. A way to put pain in them. Make



them beg."

I answered his innocent boy act with a smirk. "Un huh," I said drily. "You've got big tits. Probably take two clamps each."

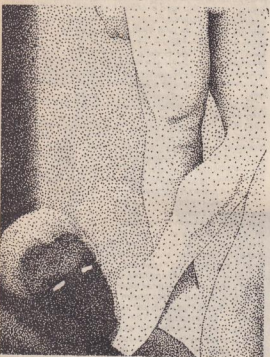
Michael put the clamps back in the box. Afraid of them, I thought. Good.

He took out a pair of padded handcuffs. "To bind them. Put them at your mercy. So they can't strike back. So you can feel free to use them however you want."

"Uh huh." I spread my stance and stroked my cock with two fingers. Maximum hard.

He set the cuffs aside, on the floor. Then took out my greatest pride, next to my cock. My riding crop, an intricately twined handle with a thin two foot tongue of stiff leather. It had been a gift from a not very shy trick in the Village. "It's yours, Bill," he had said, "if you'll use it on me." And I had. I was glad Michael had the guts to choose it.

"And you use this on their naked skin, as if they were



animals." His tone was fascinated but detached, as if he were an observer, taking inventory. Boy, he really knew how to ask for it.

He looked up at me with those deep brown eyes. "Is that what you're going to do with me, Bill? Cuff my hands behind my back, clamp my nipples? Make me crawl after your big cock, beat me, fuck my ass?"

His deep voice, low and soft, reverberated in my head. I felt the rush of a perfect moment. "That's right, mister." I glared down at him. "Now hand me the crop."

He held it horizontal, offered it with both hands. Beautiful, I took it by the handle. Ran the tongue through my fist. Touched the tip against his nipple, and gently tapped his pec. Then I drew it up and cracked it across my thigh to make him flinch.

But he didn't flinch.

Instead his face seemed to harden, become steady and purposeful.

He rose to his feet and stared down at me. Suddenly my whole left arm went limp, as if the nerves had been severed, and the riding crop slipped from my hand. I didn't hear it hit the floor. I tried to look down, and found that I couldn't take my eyes from his.

"Stay." His quiet voice boomed deeply in the silence.

And I stood, body relaxed but paralyzed, as he walked to a casket across the room. I couldn't turn my head to watch him. I was forced to stare straight ahead into the mirror. It reflected the fear and astonishment frozen on my face.

Michael returned. Several lengths of thin chain were looped over his right forearm.

He slowly circled me, examining my naked body. I felt like a paralyzed insect in a spider's web, waiting to be eaten alive. But I did not panic. My mind seemed to be slowing down, shifting into neutral, losing touch with reality. I should never have smoked that weed, I thought. Then remembered I hadn't.

I tried to open my mouth to ask him what the hell he had done to me. But I couldn't speak. My jaw was frozen.

He had said he was into some sort of marital art. Paralysis with a touch? But he had not touched me. There was no way he could have drugged me.

He ran his hands over my body, exploring my back and arms, cupping my pecs and buns. He inserted his middle finger into my mouth to wet it and slid it up my ass. My mouth stayed open, as his finger had left it.

He stood beside me, spoke in my ear. Kept the long finger inside, gently probing. He wet his other hand in my mouth and stroked my cock. I watched in the mirror. His lean profile, the rolling muscles in his stroking arm, my mouth left gaping open like an idiot's.

"I've been paid \$25,000 for what I'm about to do to you, Bill." Stroking, probing. "But that was for a man who wanted it. Or thought he did. And he wasn't very attractive. You are, Bill. Big cock. Hard ass." He frowned at my chest. "All that hair is unfortunate. It hides your muscles. You'll look better after the hoop."

He slid his finger from my ass, released my cock after a hard squeeze. He stood before me, and slipped the chains from his forearm. Three were two of them, one long, the other the length of a bracelet. They were made like dog chokers, nooses with sliding rings to control the pressure.

He put the bigger chain over my head and pulled it tight. The metal was cold as ice, unnaturally cold, around my neck. The loose end hung between my pecs. Then he slid the small chain over my cock and balls, circled them right and left the end dangling from the back side of my testicles.

He bent over and retrieved the padded handcuffs. Twisted my arms behind my back and cuffed my wrists. He stood in front of me and smiled grimly.

"And now this," he said, "since symbols are so important to both of us." He unsnapped the leather band from my left arm. I felt as if my last protection had been stripped from me. He tried to fit it over his own left bicep, but the muscle was too big. So he slipped it over my right arm and snapped it tight.

He stepped aside so I could see myself in the mirror. Naked. Cock hard and circled with cold steel. Arms bound. Choker around my neck. Leather strap on the right, marking me as a slave. I groaned inside, confused and helpless. In five minutes, against my will, he had completely reversed our roles. And I had no idea how he had done it.

Then, fogged as my mind was, I noticed something. I couldn't be certain in the dim light, but the silver chains around my neck and cock seemed to glow faintly, circled by a ghostly blue light. As I watched, the blue aura grew stronger, until I saw it clearly in the glass, like wisps of phosphorescent blue mist around my neck and between my legs.

I was not afraid—not quite. Not yet. A numbness was seeping into my head, a comfortable sense of detachment. Damn it, I thought, maybe he slipped me acid. But I knew,

somehow, that the numbness was radiating from those cold blue chains.

Michael returned. With both hands he held what looked like a hoop of glass tubing, two feet in diameter. The hoop glowed neon blue.

Silently he raised the ring above my head and lowered it slowly to the floor. As it passed around my body it seemed to shred a cocoon of light behind. I saw myself in the mirror, encased in a cylinder of blue haze.

"Now we wait," Michael said, "to let the energy soak in." He cocked his head, looked me up and down as he groped himself inside the nylon briefs. His dark handsome face was relaxed, lips parted, eyes narrowed, sexed-up.

I felt the hair on my body stand up straight, as if charged with static electricity. Something weird was happening in the mirror. I saw a mass of suspended particles in the space between my body and the cocoon of blue light. Too vague to make out in the mirror. I tried to look down. My neck was paralyzed. Michael saw my eyes strain. He reached inside the light and pushed my face down.

My body was being stripped of its hair. The process was silent, painless; magic, I suppose. The short hairs detached themselves from my skin and drifted slowly through the light-suffused air, made contact with the field of circling light—nd disappeared.

At first the air was choked with free floating strands, silky yellow ones from my chest and arms and legs, kinky darker ones from my crotch. Then the migration grew sparser, until I saw the last curly strand unfurl from my left nipple, stand straight and pull free. It wafted gently like a weightless mote of dust, drew steadily toward the barrier of light, touched it—vanished.

I had been shaved once before—long ago, when I was another man. The job had taken hours, and left me with nicks around the base of my cock and around my tits. The master had not been pleased with the effect—said it made my skin like sandpaper. Since shaving had been my idea, not his, he had punished me afterward with a long razor strap.

My skin had been city-pale then, my body undeveloped. I hadn't liked the look either; the hairlessness seemed to expose every flaw. Now, gazing down at myself in the blue light, I was mesmerized by the smooth planes of my chest, all tan flesh and ridges of muscle, clearer than I had ever seen them before. My nipples looked naked somehow, vulnerable. My cock, still as hard as it had been buried in Michael's throat, reared big and stiff from my denuded crotch, the tight chain around the base fully exposed. There was no stubble. My body was as sleek as Michael's.

"It'll grow back," he said. He grabbed the hair on my head—thank god he had not taken that—and pulled my face up.

It was as if I saw another man in the mirror. A hunky blond slave, totally hairless, mouth hanging open like a dog's, cock hard for his master.

Michael moved in front of me, blocking my reflection. He spoke, and that deep booming voice made me ache to touch him, or for him to touch me.

"You've got to trust me, Bill. Relax. Give in. You remember how to give in. Co-operate, do your part, and you won't be hurt. Understand?"

No, I didn't understand. Nothing made sense. All I knew was that he had me in his power—literally, completely. *I've been paid \$25,000 for what I'm about to do to you. But that was for a man who wanted it—or thought he did—*

He slipped a finger through the steel ring at the end of the chain that hung from my neck—

He licked his other hand and put it on my throat, kneading and exploring with slick fingers. The choker pulled tighter. I felt my windpipe flatten.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. How could I not be frightened—he was strangling me. The chain pulled tighter and tighter. My throat grew numb under his fingertips. I

could not breathe. My paralyzed body convulsed.

Then—I heard a rattling of metal and saw his right hand pull away. The choker dangled free from his forefingers. I felt myself being lifted up—a sensation of weightlessness and vertigo—the room fell and whirled around me. I tried to scream with horror, and couldn't. I caught a glimpse in one of the mirrors—my body, stockstill within the blue light field—Michael standing aside—holding something in his hands—holding—my head—

I blacked out. Only for an instant, I think. Then I was looking up at Michael. He was holding my face between his hands. He sat in the throne-like chair, shoulders against the back, ass on the edge. My head between his thighs.

His briefs were gone. His cock loomed above my face. Beyond, his flat-muscle stomach, bunched into tight folds of flesh beneath the sculptured domes of his pecs. His eyes on mine. The look on his face frightened me—a look of contempt and total control.

"Stop twisting your face up, Bill. It makes you ugly. Cock, Bill. My cock. Look at it."

It hovered mover me, white and thick. It was perfect, like the rest of his goddamned body. Not as long as mine—eight inches—but thick, enormously thick, tapered slightly at the base. The head was huge, a fourth of the entire shaft. The skin was pearly white and translucent, smooth as glass, showing deep blue veins within. The circumcision ring was almost unnoticeable, the color of cream. The shaft looked hard as alabaster, but spongy and fat, as if it were covered by a sheath of rubbery flesh. I could feel its heat on my face.

"My cock, Bill. Taste it." He rubbed my ace all over his meat. I felt its fullness on my cheeks and nose, big heard pressed against my eyes.

"Lick it. Lick my cock, Bill." And I opened my mouth—yes, able to move now—and stuck out my tongue. He slid my drooling mouth over his meat. Flattened my tongue against the bulging shaft, ran it around the beveled edge of his cockhead, allowed me to probe into the deep slit at the tip.

He pushed my face onto his shaft and filled my mouth with cockhead. It came back to me, my old days as a slave, when this was what I craved from other men, the privilege of feeling their meat warm and solid in my mouth. I realized he was trying to pacify me—giving me something big to suck on to make me forget the shock of what had just happened—or what I imagined had happened.

I rolled my eyes up and drew on the massive beauty of his chest and arms the way my mouth was drawing on his massive cock. My throat had grown thick with saliva—I tried to swallow, found I couldn't, just as I couldn't speak—realized I wasn't even breathing. The accumulated spittle oozed around my lips and ran like lava over his shaft.

He pushed my face all the way onto his cock. There was a bruising pain as it entered my gullet, as if he were shoving a beer bottle down my throat. I retched, and spattered his balls and thighs with spit. I was gagging, but not choking—how could I choke when my breathing had stopped?

His hips never moved. He forced my head up and down, driving my throat onto his shaft and pulling back till my lips caught on the ridge of the head.

He fucked my face that way—using it like cored melon or a pillow—it seemed like hours. He took it slow, pleasuring himself, as if he were alone in his room masturbating. In and out my throat, with slow luxurious strokes. Then bursts of violence—pushing my face into his groin, flattening my nose against his steel-hard belly, grinding deep and hard, making my throat convulse and ripple around his shaft. Juices ran from my stuffed mouth until his lap was slick with spittle and precum.

My mind settled in to a profound calm. I was aware, alert. But there was a sensation of timelessness, disembodiment. I was outside any normal dimension, as if, freed from breath, freed from my body, I was beyond panic or pain.

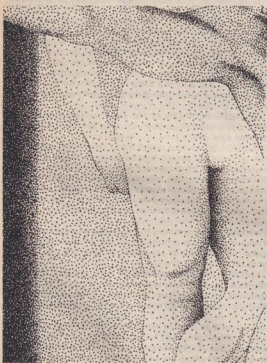
He coaxed me through clenched teeth, voice low and

mammoth chest heaving so I knew he was close—"It feels good down your throat, doesn't it Bill? My cock in your mouth. What you really wanted from me, what you need. To have your throat crammed with meat. You're a born cocksucker, Bill." He would get close that way—I could feel his cock spurting precum—then pull me off till I had only the head, hold off, catch his breath. And start over again. Until my jaw hung open like a broken hinge. Until his surging tube of meat felt a part of me, and I couldn't tell where my throat ended and his thick shaft began.

He got close again. Pulled my mouth off his cock. Held my head up by a fist in my hair, his other fist around his cock making slurping sounds. The shaft glistened in candlelight, thick glaze of spit. He stroked himself haltingly. His hips bucked gently. On the brink.

His eyes were almost closed. The pupils flashed like sparks between the narrowed lashes.

"I'm gonna come now, Bill. Yeah." He hissed with pleasure.



"My cock is gonna shoot. You want it in your mouth? Sure you do. The big leather boy wants my come in his mouth. Then beg for it, Bill. Beg me to shoot it down your fucking throat."

I tried. My lips couldn't even shape the words. I flexed my jaw, twisted my tongue and curled my lips like a spastic. There was no sound except the hollow gurgling of the mucus in my throat.

Michael yelled, and pushed my face onto it, down to the base. It jerked in my throat like a startled snake. His fingers bit into the base of my skull like pincers. A wild animal roar filled the darkness. I instinctively tried to swallow as the pumping started. His come clogged my throat, backflushed into my mouth. It tasted bitter and strong.

He held me down on his pulsing meat for a long time. No need to pull out. I didn't need to come up for air.

I looked up at his heaving chest, sheened with sweat, and his face, beautiful and composed except for sudden

moments when his eyebrows drew together and he whimpered like a puppy having a bad dream. At those moments his cock would give a little jerk.

He pulled me off at last. My mouth and throat were so full of spittle and bitter semen that it ran like slag over my chin. Thick ropes of mucus were strung from my lips to his big soft cock.

He put my head on his shoulder and held it there while he recovered. The sweeping fluids ran from the corner of my mouth onto his chest and down to his crotch.

Straining my eyes to one side, I saw a reflection of my body in one of the mirrors, still frozen in the cocoon of light. Where my head had been, only darkness. I felt a dizzy fear, but it was muted by the dim light, the unaccountable sensation of freedom, and the memory of his cock. Vaguely, I knew that fear would serve no purpose. My only hope was to trust him.

At last he opened his eyes. He saw that I was looking at my abandoned body.

"It's true," he said softly. "You're not crazy. It's no illusion. You're here, your body is there. It's one of the things I do." He took a deep breath. My head rose and fell on his chest like a cork on a wave.

"You can handle it, Bill. I knew when I first saw you. Despite the armband on the left. Despite the heavy come-on. You know how to give a man what he wants. How to give in, even if he's handing you pain, degrading your ego. Well this is what I want, Bill. This is what turns me on. I'm going to do what I want with you. You've got no choice."

The room whirled around—weightlessness again—then settled. Michael was standing over me, big cock slick and half-hard above my face. He had placed my head on the chair. I could smell steamy sweat, where his ass and thighs had rested on the wood.

"It will help," he said, "if you think of it as another man's body." He walked to the center of the room and circled the headless body immobilized there. I glanced around; the chair was set so that I couldn't catch a reflection of my face. But I saw my body in all four mirrors, in the round. There was no bloody stump where my head should be—only the smooth, natural depression inside my collarbone.

It was a beautiful body, I had to admit. I suppose anyone who has seen his body harden and fill out from hard work becomes a narcissist. It was crazy, something was wrong in my head that I could look at it and feel detachment. At the time, I did not realize that I was where Michael had put me. Some strange psychic zone.

That body turned me on. The hairlessness showed off my muscles, as Michael had said it would. Everything looked larger, fuller. Especially my pecs, big mounds of sleek muscle. The nipples, normally buried in swirls of hair, stood out from the edges like cones, begging to be touched. And my cock and balls—hairless and chained—they looked unbelievably huge, but not commanding; exposed and vulnerable. *Do it, I begged silently. I want to see it crawl. I want it.* Michael stooped and took hold of the glowing blue hoop on the floor. He did not pull it up and over my shoulders, but sideways, through my legs, as if the hoop were nothing but light.

"Yeah, another man's body," he crooned. "Hairless and nude." He flicked one of the erect nipples. The body flinched. He circled around. "Fantastic ass. I like the way the tan line frames those buns." He slid a fingertip over the crack. I saw my cheeks tighten—and felt it—in a way—far off. A ghost sensation, the way an amputee might feel a lost limb. Like being in tow places at once.

He stood beside the handcuffed body and looked in my eyes. He lifted one arm at the elbow, eyes locked with mine, and grabbed one of the hairless nipples between finger and thumb, pulled down until the captive body was forced to bend sharply at the waist.

"A slave's body, Bill. A big hunky stud in handcuffs. How shall we use him? We can do anything we want. Things you

haven't dreamed of."

Michael took two tit clamps from the box on the floor. I groaned inside when I saw them. He had chosen the broad metal ones with powerful springs and teeth like electrical clamps. The ones I used only on my most advanced and jaded partners, and then only as a severe punishment. Michael approached my body. It stood relaxed, unsuspecting. He squeezed my pecs and kneaded my nipples, until I saw my stomach draw taut and my chest rise in silent offering.

Michael smiled. He placed one open clamp over my right nipple. Let it snap shut.

Far away, I could feel the sharp teeth penetrate my flesh. I saw my body jerk wildly, tugging at the handcuffs, trying to retreat. But Michael slipped a finger into the chain dangling from my balls and held my body in check. He watched my chest spasm and writhe, touched his fingers to the knotted muscles in my arms and belly. Then he attached the second clamp.

My body twisted so violently the cock chain snapped from Michael's knuckle. I watched the body stumble to its knees, scramble up and stagger blindly into one of the mirrors, crazy with pain.

Michael picked up the riding crop and walked with long slow strides to my crouching, trembling body. He raised the leather high above his head and slashed it across my shoulders.

My body jerked, spun, rolled away—staggered to its feet, tripped over my pants on the floor, rose desperately, ran into a wall—turned and took a defensive stance, hiding its stinging shoulders against the wall. Tits clamped and cock hard. I could not understand that—not yet.

Michael followed slowly and stood a few feet from the cowering victim. He looked at the crop. Looked at my chest, muscles in high relief, tense with pain. He touched the crop to my shaft. My body flinched. Michael squeezed his rising cock. Then he raised the crop and laid it backhanded across my stomach.

I saw my body double over and run, reeling with pain and confusion, trying to escape. Michael followed it patiently around the room, taking his time, stroking his thick white cock and wielding the crop. Like a hunter, exhausting his trapped game. Playing with me.

As last the pain-wracked body collapsed kneeling in the center of the room. Shoulders against the floor, heaving—ass thrust in the air.

Michael stood over the broken slave body. He slowly masturbated as he beat my ass with that damned crop, blow after blow, until the pale buns were red and blistered.

Michael discarded the crop, grabbed my body by the clamps and forced it to stand. In the reflections I could see every mark, the long red stripes across my shoulders, the back of my legs, my stomach. My cock—a slave's cock, rock hard after the beating. Veins pounding, slit dripping fluid. I suddenly knew why—the body craved it—but so did my head, watching, crazy with excitement at the spectacle. Two places at once. Masochistic victim, and sadistic observer of my own humiliation, wanting more.

Michael played with the clamps—twisted, pulled the hard flat muscles into sharp peaks, and watched my body twitch and heave. He pulled the clamps off, one at a time, and tossed them away. He caressed my body, watching the skin writhe when his fingertips brushed over the tender stripes.

He cocked his head and flashed me a cryptic smile. "Good slave body. Takes it well. Ready for whatever's next. Shall I tick it?"

He rubbed his hard cock against mine. "Sure. Give him what he wants. But do it *my* way."

He hooked his finger through the dangling cock choker and pulled it taut. Tighter and tighter. The chain sank in to the gathered flesh, my cock bulged until I thought the skin would burst. I knew what was about to happen, and my mind

plummeted deeper into the numb stupor that was its only protection.

Michael licked his free hand. His saliva seemed to glow with blue light. He worked his wet finger mysteriously around my cock and balls. I saw his lips move, as if he were whispering inaudibly. The thin chain flashed with blue flame.

—Then the chain slipped through. He dropped it quickly and raised his hand to lift my genitals free. He held the nine inch shaft by the ball sack in his right hand. In its place was a smooth hairless swelling of flesh between my legs.

Again I tried to scream, though I knew it was hopeless. "I said, don't twist your face up like that," he growled. He swung the disembodied cock and slapped me across the face with it. It stung sharply. My eyes welled with tears, making the candlelit room swim and sparkle.

My mind was sinking. I longed for unconsciousness. But his voice pulled me back.

"It'll stay hard," he said. He was rubbing thick lubricant over my cock. A dim sensation of pleasure somewhere below me. "All the energy of the spell holding you is focussed in your cock, like a powerful conductor. But I have a warning for you. When you come—when your cock ejaculates—you'll break the spell. You will stay in whatever condition you're in at that instant. So unless you want to stay in three pieces, you'd better hold off." He smiled, and slid my cock through his fist. "Of course, you won't have much control."

He returned to my body and gave it a whack with the cock, wielded like a dildo, across the thigh. It jumped like a startled animal.

He dug the nails of his left hand into my right nipple, pulled the body, headless, sexless, up onto tiptoes. He stepped forward and rubbed his cockhead against the denuded stump where my cock had been. My body responded instantly—thighs parted, hips rocking back and forth. The body rubbed its groin against the blunt tip of Michael's cock.

He bent at the knees, lowering his cock and breaking the contact. And my body followed blindly. Dropped off tiptoes. The hairless groin sank down and searched for Michael's cock, found it, rubbed itself on the silky knob. Humping, like a bitch in heat.

Michael folded smoothly to his knees, settled his ass on his ankles. His hard cock pointing up like a missile. The handcuffed body spread its knees and squatted deeply, craving more contact.

Michael licked his middle finger and rubbed the tip over the sleek spot between my legs. My body, squatting, swayed back and forth, barely kept its balance. Once again, I sensed what was to happen. The unbelievable. The unthinkable.

There was no sign of an opening in the place where my genitals had been. Just a bald swelling, like the ball of a shoulder. But as I watched, Michael slowly, gradually buried his finger in the flesh. He began to slide it in and out. My body begged for more.

He turned his head, shot me a quick glance. His face was slack, lips parted. Eyes flashing with triumph. As if to say: See what I can make you into? See how badly you want it?

As he finger-fucked me, he reached around with his right hand and began to push the cock—my cock—into my squatting ass. The nine inches all the way to the balls in one shove. He pressed his palm over the crack to hold it in.

My hips squirmed on his finger, pushed back onto my cock. Michael removed the finger, and my groin tried to follow, ready to abandon the cock up its for more of his hand. Again, I could see no opening there.

But when he grabbed my tit to pull my body forward and down, his cockhead slipped inside. And my body squatted deeper, desperate for it, until Michael's thick shaft was completely swallowed.

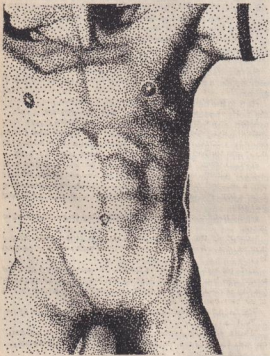
Michael grasped and rolled his big shoulders with pleasure. Closed his eyes and hissed inaudible obscenities. Or incantations.

And my body—the body he had handcuffed, beaten, clamped—decapitated, emasculated—subjected to something unspeakable and inhuman—it rode his fat cock, rode the shaft he held up its ass. Mindless but hungry. More a whore than a slave. More animal than human. A creature of dark magic. His creation.

I was thankful that body had no head. It gave me a way to fool myself. To say that it was not me.

There was a sudden ghost sensation, more vivid than the others—a flash—as if I felt my cockhead rubbing against his, deep inside my bowels. It jolted me, like two charged wires touching. I felt feverish. The lights dimmed.

For a long time my consciousness came and went. My eyes would flicker open, glimpse grappling bodies, hear Michael's sex-charged groans. Scenes in the mirrors: Michael's beautiful ass, fucking wildly, my legs wrapped tight around his hips—Michael on his back on the bed, my body on its knees above him, fucking itself on his cock while he pulled on my tits—My body, shoulders on the bed, Michael standing



between my drawn back legs fucking with long strokes while he used my hard cock like a blackjack, across my stomach and chest—

After a long blackness, I felt Michael's hand slapping me awake. I opened my eyes and saw a cock before my face. But not Michael's cock. A bigger, coarser instrument knotted with thick veins and streaked with rectal mucous. My throat filled with fresh saliva. I opened my mouth—

—then realized it was my cock held before me. I closed my mouth, recoiling from the insanity of it.

"Go ahead," I heard Michael's voice above me. "It's not as pretty as mine, but it'll give you what you need. Go ahead. What's wrong? Don't wanna taste shit? Come on, you've made plenty of guys suck it after you've screwed 'em. Besides, it's your shit, man."

I looked hard at the cock. I had seen it in mirrors of course, even in photographs. But now I saw it as my slaves had. Huge and pulsing, inches from my lips. And I knew why men had

grovelled for it. Knew the power that made them crave it. I opened my mouth and moaned silently.

Michael laughed and shoved it down my throat. Rammed it in and out, the way I would have. I discovered how it felt—exactly how it felt. I remember the riding crop trick in New York—the hot afternoon with the sixpack when I tied his face to my crotch and kept my cock down his throat for four hours—coming, pissing, coming, pissing. Now I knew why four hours had not been enough for that cocksucker.

I felt pleasure in my cock as I sucked. Almost like 69'ing, sucking and being sucked. Two places at once.

I squeezed my throat around the huge dick, milking it, savoring the pleasure I was giving and receiving. Then Michael spoke.

"Remember, Bill. When it shoots, the spell breaks. And if that happens while you're still in pieces—there's nothing I can do to put you together again." He kept sliding it in and out my throat.

My blood froze. I stopped the undulations in my throat, stiffened.

"Come on, Bill." His voice was low and evil. "Your cock's close. Been close for hours. The balls are way up in the sack. Come on," he teased, ramming it hard and fast, "make it come. Work your throat like a good cocksucker. Don't you wanna know how it feels when you shoot in some guy's mouth? Must be good—I bet they always come back for more. Don't you wanna taste your own come?"

I looked up at him and pleaded with my eyes. He kept sliding the big dong in and out—I felt it expand, the way I always do when I'm on the verge—

I clamped my teeth down on it, hard, to stop the stroking.

Michael laughed. "Okay, I believe you." He whipped the spit-streaked plunger from my throat and tossed it on the floor. I heard it land with a heavy thud, and felt ghost pain in my balls.

He poked up my head and carried it to the center of the room. My body was lying on its side on the floor, exhausted. Michael squatted, placed my head on my shoulders. Wet his fingers with glowing blue saliva and stroked the connection. I felt warmth flow from my neck to my chest, my hips, my legs. Thank god, whole again—almost.

I spent a few minutes coughing and swallowing convulsively, clearing the juices that clogged my throat. Michael undid the handcuffs and pulled me to my feet. My legs were shaky, there was pain everywhere. But it was wonderful to feel anything beneath my neck.

Michael stretched and yawned. "Shit, I'm beat," he said. "Been fucking you for hours, baby." He pinched one of my nipples, making me throw my head back in pain. "Come in you twice while you were out. Once in your ass, and once—well, you saw. Think I'll take a shower and get to bed."

"But—" I looked at my cock on the floor and quickly looked away.

"Oh yeah," Michael said. "That. Go ahead and take it. It's yours."

My chest knotted with horror. "Please," I whispered.

"What did you say? I couldn't hear you."

I lowered my eyes—caught a glimpse of the bare flesh between my thighs—shut my eyes tight.

"Oh please, Michael. Let me have it back. Oh please, for God's sake—"

I felt a heavy slap across my face. Knew it wasn't his hand. His deep voice above me. "That's no way to beg."

I kept my eyes shut.

"Get on your knees and beg with your mouth."

I knelt and took his soft meat between my lips. My face was wet with tears.

"Make me come again, Bill. It won't be easy. Three times is usually my limit. Show me how good you are. Show me how good you suck cock. Make me come, and I'll let you have it back. That is—if you don't shoot first." Slick flesh on flesh above my head. He was holding my hard cock and stroking it.

I sucked, and tried to think of nothing but his cock. He had taken me back to my days as a novice, before I had made my muscles like steel and gained the confidence to give orders—made me regress to the days when it had been my role to give pleasure to other men. When a night of sex meant I would suck and crawl and say thank you when I was punished. I had never thought that any man could reduce me to that again.

Slowly, slowly it hardened, until the beer bottle thickness gorged my throat. It was not so easy this time. I choked, gagged, felt my lungs collapse, dry heaved—but I never let go. Forced my throat onto him over and over, strangling myself.

"Better than your cock, isn't it, Bill?"

Yes, he was right. His cock, so thick, so flawless, it was better.

He began to moan and twist. He was close. I was going to make it.

Then he pulled out. Held my face off, fought off his orgasm. "Not yet," he whispered, "not yet."

He tortured me that way. I brought him close over and over, sucking desperately, using every trick I could remember. Then pull out. Make me start over. All the while working my cock.

"Think about it," he crooned. "What happens if I make you shoot first. You'll be what you are now, forever. Might not be so bad." He reached down and stroked a finger over my sexless groin. An incredible flash of pleasure, unearthly. I jerked back and whimpered around his shaft.

"You'd be my slave, Bill. Really my slave. You've been playing that game for years, but this is real. I'd own you—or own your cock, which is the same thing. You'd be mine. You could never show yourself to another man like that. Have to come crawling to me for sex. Maybe I'd be in the mood. Maybe not. And you've seen the kind of games I like to play."

With that nightmare in my head, I sucked cock like I had never sucked before. Gave him my last ounce of energy. Worshipped him like the primal force he was. Sucked and sucked and sucked—

—And finally heard his roar above me. Felt his meat stiffen and pump. Tasted bitter semen—and at the same instant, my hips began to jerk. I was coming, in response to him. Too late—

Then felt his hands on my crotch—blue fire—

—And when it was over, I was whole again. Michael pulled out his shaft with a pop and collapsed onto his throne, chest heaving. He looked worn out and happy. I was topo drained even to hate him. He made me stay on my knees. Just as well. I was too exhausted to stand. He forced me to lick my come from the floor. Made me kiss his feet.

I looked up at him. After long minutes I caught my breath. The numbness seeped out of my head. Wrecked as I was, I had to ask something.

"Michael, what you did—what you do... I don't know what it's called, don't know if it has a name... But what... what—"

"Something you're born with," he said. "There are others. I've met three in my lifetime, heard of more. We keep our distance from one another. Don't get ideas about learning it. I've studied, learned the ancient laws, found new ways to focus my power. But either you have it—and know it—or you don't. I knew that you didn't when I first saw you. The tan is a giveaway. You like sunlight far too much. I can't teach it. I can only share it."

He pushed his big toe into my mouth. "So if you ever want it again, you know where to come. You'd be crazy to ask for it, though. I like danger. The possibilities—the games—are limitless. Sooner or later..."

He pulled his toe from my mouth and pushed my face to the floor with his foot. "Now get out. I'm tired of you."

I staggered naked to my room. It was dark outside. I must have spent eight hours in his room. I closed the door and crawled into bed. I saw the leather strap on my right arm. I wanted to put it back on my left, but I was afraid he would

know somehow.

I heard Michael in the hallway, then in the shower. He was singing happily, basso profundo, as I dropped off to sleep.

Sunday morning I woke up sore and stiff. My ass ached and there was a lingering fire in my groin. I hoped he had not damaged me inside. The marks he had put all over my body stung beneath the sheet. My tits were raw. My arms ached. My jaw ached.

I stared at the ceiling and thought about the night. Perseverely, my cock began to harden.

There was a knock at the door. I stiffened with fear. "Who is it?"

"Sharon."

"Oh, Come in," I pulled the sheet up to hide my chest.

She entered with a tray of food. "Michael said you were under the weather today. I thought I'd bring you something to eat."

"Thanks. Just set it—on the dresser. I'll eat it later."

"Okay. You do look pale," she said maternally. Then she looked puzzled and frowned. I saw that she was looking at my armband, on the right now. Or was it my hairless arms?

"Well," she said, "I'll check on you later. Call if you need..." Her voice trailed off.

I ate the poached eggs and soup she had brought. I noticed that my pants and wooden locker were by the bed. Michael must have returned them. I cringed to think he had been in the room while I slept.

I tiptoed to the bathroom to put ointment on my welts and take a long, painful crap. It felt like I was shitting my guts out. There was blood, but not enough to worry me. Then I returned to my room and slept like a dead man till dusk.

Later in the evening I went to the bathroom again—dry heaving this time. As I was leaving I heard someone in the hallway. I could not bear to see Michael again. I cracked the door and looked out from the darkness of the bathroom.

It was Michael's blond friend, Carl. The regular visitor who used to live in my room. Who had no interest in me. Whose pants seemed to have no bulge at the crotch. He was wearing a tank top. His tanned arms and chest looked smooth and hairless.

I went back to my room and tried to stay there. But I had to know.

I crept up the stairs to the trapdoor. Heart pounding, I opened it a few inches, turned my head sideways and peered in.

Michael was seated in his throne. He was wearing only his white tank top, stretched tight across his pecs and loose over his flat stomach. His half-hard cock rested like a club on the chair between his thighs.

The blond was kneeling naked before Michael, back to me. "Not tonight, Carl. I'm bushed."

"Please, Michael, I need it. Now. So bad. It's been so long." He was rubbing his hands between his legs shamelessly.

"I said not tonight," Michael's voice was hard.

The man leaned forward and licked Michael's cock with long strokes. He was sobbing.

"Hell, alright," Michael grumbled. He rose and walked to a dresser, fat cock swaying. He opened a drawer and took out something wrapped in blue silk. "Just a simple round tonight," he said.

He returned to the kneeling blond and unwrapped the object. It looked like a big, slick dildo. I knew it was not.

"Stand up and face me, stupid."

Carl stood and turned. I could see his front now. I saw the smooth, sexless flesh between his legs.

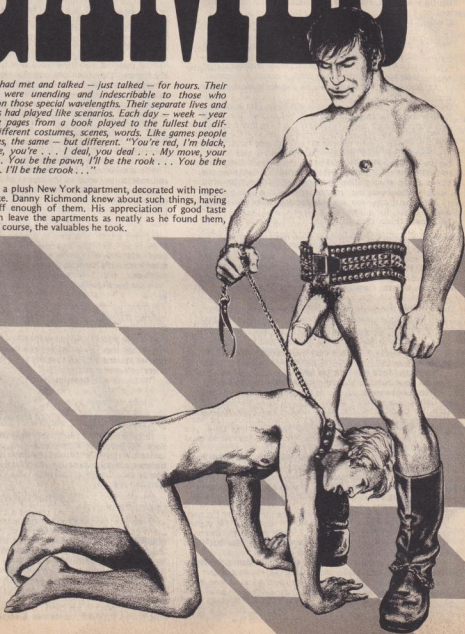
I closed the trapdoor, ever so slowly. The blood pounding in my head sounded like thunder.

That night, under cover of darkness, I moved my things out of the house on Beauchamp Street and went to a motel. Occasionally I have felt an urge to see Michael again—a glimpse of his broad shoulders, from a safe distance, would do. But I have never returned. ■

GAMES

They had met and talked — just talked — for hours. Their fantasies were unending and indescribable to those who weren't on those special wavelengths. Their separate lives and memories had played like scenarios. Each day — week — year were like pages from a book played to the fullest but different; different costumes, scenes, words. Like games people play; rules, the same — but different. "You're red, I'm black, I'm white, you're . . . I deal, you deal . . . My move, your move . . . You be the pawn, I'll be the rook . . . You be the victim . . . I'll be the crook . . ."

It was a plush New York apartment, decorated with impeccable taste. Danny Richmond knew about such things, having ripped off enough of them. His appreciation of good taste made him leave the apartments as neatly as he found them, minus, of course, the valuables he took.



BY LEN HARRINGTON

It was dark, but his pen-flashlight was sufficient enough to light his way. Quietly, Danny looked around the apartment, just to make sure no one was there — asleep — hiding. He checked the bedroom. Empty. A door to another room was locked. He couldn't quite figure out what the room was, but dismissed it as unimportant.

Damn! This is easier than the last one, Danny thought and commenced to scurry about, looking in drawers, a jewelry box, and stuffing anything that might be of value inside the knapsack he held.

At the bedroom closet he reached up for a shoebox, certain that it contained the more important pieces of jewelry the owner didn't wish to leave out in the open. But as he brought it forward something tripped him below and the shoebox, plus a small pile of magazines, came tumbling down upon him.

"Shit!" he exclaimed and started to clean up the mess. But the naked men caught his eye. The handsome faces, the enticing poses, the sleek bodies. Danny paused and caught his breath. Not thinking, he flicked on the bedside lamp in order to better see the discovery. He brought the magazines over to the bed and started flipping the pages. "These," he whistled, "weren't bought on the newstand!"

The sexual acts were too numerous to mention — too mind boggling even for a man of the streets. Sucking and fucking — twosomes, threesomes and more. If the nude torsos were anything it consisted of chains or leather. Danny had to gasp at the fist-fucking and golden showers that sprayed on and in the willing victims.

The more Danny read, the more entranced and excited he became. He couldn't help but notice the activity in his crotch as his cock grew, fighting the tight jeans he wore. But he didn't notice the door opening and closing in the other room — the quick footsteps toward the light in the bedroom.

"Who the fuck are you?!" the man shouted from the open door.

Surprised, Danny shot up from the bed, lost his balance and fell backward. Before he had a chance to recover, the man was upon him, pinning him down.

"Please, mister," the terrified thief started to plead. "I... I didn't mean to..."

"Shut the fuck up!" the middle-aged man ordered. "Don't give me your bullshit. Yer tryin' to rob me, aren't you?"

"No — nol I swear..."

Danny was abruptly stopped by a rough hand slapping his face. He could smell the liquor on the man's breath and saw the grin play across the almost handsome face. The male gripped his wrists. "You goddamn thieving pricks think you can get away with this shit anytime you want. Buncha no good leeches!"

"Nol. Listen," Danny croaked. "This is the first time. Honest!"

"Well, maybe it'll be your last!"

Danny froze. The tone of voice was threatening. The words kept repeating in his mind like a death sentence. "Let me go," he struggled under the hefty male. "Let me go. Let me go..."

Angry, the apartment owner grabbed the boy by the neck and brought him close to his face. "I'll teach ya!" He started shaking the small frame, jerking it back and forth, throwing him down, slapping his face before thrashing him back and forth again.

"What's your name, kid," the man demanded as he threw Danny over on his back. By now Danny was in a stupor but could feel the buttons give way on his shirt as it was being ripped from his torso. He told the man as he got a good look at him. He appeared to be somewhere in his late thirties; dark, with coal black hair, and eyes to match. His face was pockmarked and a deep scar traveled from his ear to jaw.

"I'm Al," he spat, "but you can call me *sir*!"

Danny's pants were next to go — his shoes and finally his shorts were ripped off him. Remarkably, during this entire time he had kept his thick hard-on. "So you like it," Al grinned and took a firm grip on the cock. He squeezed harder and harder. Danny was in agony and tried pushing at the fist which held him like a vise.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried out.

"I'll stop," Al spat and yanked him to his feet. He pushed him across the room toward the closet. Then he grabbed Danny's arms behind his back. Danny could feel the snap of cold metal around his wrists. He was twirled around to face the man and slapped across the face again. "Now, bitch, you will shut yer fuckin' mouth and obey!"

"Listen, Al..." he started to whine.

Al dug his fingers into the side of his neck and gripped Danny's collarbone, forcing him to his knees. "Do you understand?!"

"Ye... yes," he cried out.

"That's better," Al smiled for the first time. He let go and moved his hands to the zipper of his pants. Danny's eyes widened as Al quickly produced the hairiest cock Danny had ever seen. He knew what was coming as the prick was aimed at his lips. As the cock entered his mouth his teeth grated across the skin and he almost gagged over the urine smell.

Wider and wider Danny's mouth opened as the cock entered him a little at a time as if Al were taunting him with the thick tool. Then the aggressor held firmly to the back of his head and shoved. Danny choked and gagged as his mouth filled with AL's hard-on.

"Yeah, man," Al groaned, his eyes closed, head falling back on his shoulders as if in some hypnotic trance. "Jeeze. Eat it — ooh — good — mmmmm... ." He started to ram in and out of the mouth with electric speed. Danny tried to struggle free, to release his mouth from the rough prick which pounded his cheeks and battered his gullet. But it was useless.

Abruptly, Al extracted his prick, took hold of it and started to slap Danny across the face with it. "Like it?" he laughed as the boy winced with the hard tool smacking his cheeks. "Answer me!"

"Ye... yes," Danny gave in.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes... sir."

"That's better. Okay, bitch. Get up!" he grabbed Danny by the arm and started to lead him out of the bedroom. "Now we're ready to have some fun!"

In seconds, Danny was led down the hallway to the locked door. Al produced a key, unlocked the door and opened it. Inside the room Danny was pushed to the floor. The room was barren except for various contraptions consisting of wood and chains and ropes and leather, all obviously there to delight the man and some slave he wanted to deal with.

As Al approached him, Danny noticed the chains and pulley hanging from the ceiling above him. Al quickly took both legs, raised them and clasped a chain to both ankles. He went to a corner and pulled on another chain. As he did so Danny could feel himself, feet first, being pulled upward. In moments the blood was rushing to his head as he dangled a few feet above the floor. Upside down, he could see Al slowly walking toward him. He was naked, displaying a muscular, hairy body. Danny made out the grinning face. His heart beat quickened with excitement. He had to admit that he was becoming turned on by all of this. Yet, he was also apprehensive about the biggest cock he had ever seen in his life and the vibrator Al held in his hand. It was huge — long and thick — deeply veined with numerous bumps beginning just below

the head and getting larger as they extended down the shaft.

Al stood above him, his big prick dangling in front of Danny's upside-down face. The boy could barely make out the dildo and the grease Al was applying to it. He couldn't see the man reach between his spread legs, but he could feel the cool drag as it was moved up and down his crack.

"Know what's comin' dontcha bud," Al chorled.

"Listen, man," Danny started. "I can't..."

"Man?!" Al shouted and pressed the dildo at his asshole where it immediately started to spread open the puckered hole.

"Sir... SIR," Danny cried out. "I... agh... PLEASE!"

"Please, what?" Al demanded and slowly inched the rubber dong inside, stretching Danny until his hole was five inches in diameter. "Please let you suck my cock? Please let you swallow my cum?"

"NO — NO," Danny kept repeating, trying to struggle from the chains that held him.

"Just relax you stupid cunt!" Al commanded. "This prick's going all the way in — then I'm switching it on and yer gonna suck my wang. Get it?!"

"Wha...?" Danny started but quickly found his mouth full of Al's cock. He started to suck — hard — anything to offset the agony he was feeling. But the more he sucked, the more the vibrator was shoved up his ass. He could feel every vein, every bump scraping his insides.

"Ahh — ooh — that's good sucking kid. That's it — yea — all of it." He moved forward. "Get under there and lick those balls — ooh — nice." Soon, Al was vibrating with the juicy mouth working him over. Danny winced as the rest of the dildo's ten inches was shoved inside him. But by then he was starting to get used to it.

Al flicked on a switch and Danny froze momentarily. The dildo wasn't just vibrating. It was moving in and out of him, fucking him and with each thrust a small electrical shock swept through his body. It hurt, but the pain couldn't compare to the sensations he was starting to feel — the jolt to his bowels, the tingling in his balls, making them contract with each thrust.

By now Al was too engrossed with his slave's mouth to care

what Danny was feeling. He left the imbedded dildo and turned around, producing a small key from the wide leather belt around his middle. With it, he unlocked the handcuffs around Danny's wrists. Then he reached down and brought his captive's upper torso up between his legs.

"Suck me, suck me!" he told Danny, holding his head with one hand and ramming his prick past Danny's lips with the other. Then he grasped the boy's head with both hands and started fucking his mouth. Al's hips gyrated back and forth, back and forth, in and out with lightning speed. "Jesus shit — goddamn — suck that... fuckin' Christ! Lick it! Lick it!"

Danny was in a stupor. Hanging from the ceiling, bent at the waist between Al's legs, a ten inch electrified, fucking vibrator up his ass, and his own hard-on begging for attention, he closed his eyes and let it all happen. He licked at Al's shaft up and down and around as much as he could in his position. The large hairy sac of nuts pressed against him and he eagerly took both in his mouth, tonguing and licking and sucking.

Again Al turned around, still holding Danny between his legs. He bent over until his ass was completely exposed to Danny's face. "Eat it! Suck it! Get in there and rim the hell outa me!"


Danny inhaled the heady aroma and plunged his mouth between the asscheeks. To get more leverage, he reached up and held onto Al's hips. The vibrator shifted inside him, the electrical thrills making his cock jump with each spark. He encircled Al's asshole with his lips and began to suck with such intensity, that his master groaned and swooned with intense pleasure.

"Gees," he moaned. "More! More! Don't stop! Ahh..." He peered at Danny's prick and started licking at it. The ass rimming intensified. He took the head in his mouth and swallowed the cock in one motion. Danny started to buck as Al sucked on him. His head was reeling. The fucking and sucking he was getting was too much. He plunged his own tongue past the puckered lips of Al's asshole.

"Great, bud, great," he spoke and licked at Danny's cock and balls before returning to suck on it.

"Yeah, yeah?" Danny slurred. His balls were tingling from more than the slight electrical shock of the vibrator. He was

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going wild with these sensations and lathered Al's rear with all the spit he had. Then he took a chance. Still holding onto a hip with one hand, he inched the other toward the ass crack. Slowly he inserted a finger.

"Oooh — mm," Al moaned. He grabbed hold of his own cock and started beating his meat. Then Danny inserted a second finger. "Hey, bud!" Al said. "I don't take no shit up my ass."

"Sure, sure," Danny said but kept his fingers where they were. "Hold me up," he told Al. The man let go of his own cock, reached beneath him and grasped Danny's sides. Then Danny took hold of the man's big cock and started to stroke it. In moments, Al was hotter than ever. He started sucking the boy's cock again. Danny stroked faster and faster. Al sucked harder and harder. Danny's two fingers started pushing in and out of Al's wet asshole. This time he made no protest. Danny even thought he backed up a little to take even more.

Both males were sweating from every pore in their body. Their heated up frustration intensified by the second. Danny jacked off Al like lightning, gripping the prick harder and harder. He was rough and Al liked it. He started squeezing the man's balls. A third and fourth finger slipped inside the asshole.

Al was not protesting. His lips and teeth ate and scraped Danny's cock! With one hand he reached to grip and squeeze the sac of nuts.

The sex partners were delirious, neither could hold out much longer. Danny's mind flashed from the pleasure up his ass to the pleasure at his crotch. Al was going insane, choking himself on the long stiff organ, needing to swallow the jism — feeling the strong fingers jack him off, squeezing his balls — the other fingers splitting open his asshole. He didn't want to stop Danny now — even if the boy's fist entered him which wasn't impossible since he had four fingers and a thumb inside him up to their knuckles.

"Jees — ooooh — Christ" Danny cried out, his body wriggling then tensing, wriggling then tensing. "Shit — piss! . . . I'm . . ." He tensed his body, feeling the vibrator go wild up his ass as he shot the first wad of cream deep into Al's throat. His own fist jacked the man even faster. The second, third shots left him. His fingers plunged even deeper up Al's ass, pressing against the prostate gland.

"Holy shittttt," Al slurped the cum as his own ejaculation started — shooting out and landing all over Danny's belly and legs.

"Fuck!"

"Christ!"

"Take it!"

"Suck!"

Both kept exclaiming as each cum seemed to never end. Al kept sucking, Danny kept jacking. Each was determined his partner wouldn't have any left. In minutes, neither one did.

Later, Danny was lowered to the floor, the ceiling chains still attached to his ankles. Al had to get a couple beers and Danny lay there, examining his torso and the bruises which were beginning to develop in various areas. His ankles were smarting somewhat from the pressure that had been put upon them, but all of this was unimportant compared to the excitement he had experienced just minutes before. Al had taken him through one of the most memorable times he ever had.

The apartment owner returned and handed Danny a beer. Both took long swallows and sat staring at each other.

"How ya feelin'?" Al grinned at the boy.

"Fine," Danny returned, but had to reach down to rub his ankles.

"So, you're a pro, huh? You make a livin' rippin' off shit?"

"No . . ."

"What!" Al scowled, knowing a lie when he heard it.

"Okay, okay," Danny gave in. "Yes . . . yes, I do."

"That's what I thought," Al relaxed, then started to laugh.

"After all, it takes one to know one."

"Huh?" Danny looked at him, holding his breath momentarily. "You mean . . ."

"Uh huh," Al said. "But I've decided to retire; too risky in my old age. Know what I mean? Reflexes aren't as sharp as before — not as fast. Need someone to do it for me. A real sharpie you can double as my slave."

"What?" Danny frowned, realizing what Al had in mind.

"Listen, bud, I'm a solo all the . . ." Abruptly, he was stopped as Al rose above him and started to pour his beer over Danny's

body. "Hey! Stop it, stop . . ."

"Don't talk shit to me, bitch!" Al told him. "You liked what we just did. Now yer gonna need it because nothing else is going to satisfy you!" He reached down and started pinching Danny's tits. "Right? Right?"

"Yes, yes," the boy responded as he tried to escape the pain being applied to his nipples.

"That's better," Al said. "But I think you should be convinced I mean business." With this he unlocked the chains from around Danny's ankles and started to drag the boy across the room.

Before he knew what was happening, Danny's upper torso was bent over a rather high, leather covered table. Attached to each leg was a single chain-length handcuff. First his legs were spread and attached at the ankles. "Don't," he started knowing full well what was going to happen. "Listen! I'll do it! I'll do what you want! Only, don't . . ."

"Shut up!" Al spat. On the wall were various wooden paddles — some large, some small, with and without holes, a few with studs in various sizes and shapes. He took one down and whacked Danny across the ass.

In shock, Danny made no sound, just held his breath. Again Al hit him. This time Danny cried out. Again. Again. But as he continued, the cries lessened.

"Love it, don't ya'?" Al demanded.

"Ye . . . yes . . ." Danny had to respond. His ass was soon numb. His cock was rock hard.

Quickly, Al moved behind his captive. He pointed his greasestick prick at the asshole and shoved.

"Oooh," Danny moaned as the cock invaded his dry hole. It hurt but by now he wanted it inside him. His senses were whirling. Al was taking command of his entire being. Soon, he wouldn't be able to stop him.

Al's breathing increased as his upper torso lay over his captive. With a grunt he imbedded the bowels with 10 inches. Without waiting he started ramming in and out of the tender butt which had minutes before been fucked by the electric dildo. He reached beneath Danny with both hands and grabbed the boy's cock and balls. With each thrust of his own prick he squeezed Danny's nuts harder and harder. With each thrust he squeezed Danny's cock harder and harder, bending it, digging his nails into the loose skin and the tender piss head.

"Yer my slave, aren't yah," Al gasped into Danny's ear, each word punctuated by a hard thrust or increased manipulation at the boy's groin.

"Ye . . . yes," Danny responded, his own breathing becoming more excited, erotic as it was forced out by the heavy body atop him.

"Yer gonna do as I say, aren't yah?"

"Y . . . ye . . . yes . . ."

"Love it, don't . . ."

"Ye . . ."

"You'll never get away . . ."

"Ye . . . no!"

"Don't ever think you will, bitch, whore! I know a cop in this precinct . . . ha, ha! I fuck him every Wensday. He'll bust your ass with one phone call from me, understand?"

"Yes . . ." Danny answered. "Shit — fuck! I'm gonna shoot . . ."

"Christ!" Al cried out too. "I'm gonna fill yer asshole with my burning shit!" He hammered at Danny's rear, grinding his crotch, scraping it with the coarse black hair.

In a split second Danny was shooting his jism beneath the table crying out as Al rammed him hitting some nerve within his bowels that sent shockwaves throughout his body, staying there as his cream flooded his asshole.

"Take it, bitch — slave . . . Oooh, yeah . . . oohh . . . mmmmm . . ."

"Yes, master," Danny spoke voluntarily, meaning it this time.

Al extracted his prick from the receptive asshole. He released Danny and they both lay on the floor — too exhausted to move.

Minutes later, Danny got up.

"Hey!" Al said. "Where you going?"

Danny turned around. "To bed. I'm pooped you old cunt."

"Hey, listen," Al grinned up at him. "How about doing the cowboy bit tomorrow night?" ■

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**BOOK
SECTION**

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CHAPTER 4

By
LARRY
TOWNSEND



Illustration by KEN WOOD

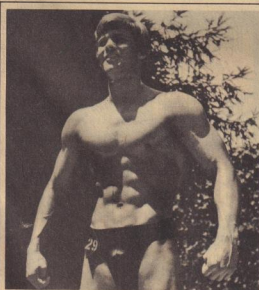
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IN THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF DAY, ALFRED'S GHOST story had less credibility. Still, I could remember my own feelings when I had gone into the castle by myself, when I had been alone in the dungeon at night. The appearance of a specter within any of several dozen niches and corners of darkness would not have seemed out of keeping with the oppressive silence . . . the archaic solemnity. I had been fully capable of conjuring such an image in my own mind, I thought, and I wondered if that could be the answer to the present situation. If one person in the group *thought* he saw a ghost, when he actually saw only some motion in the shadows from an unsteady light source, his insistence could communicate itself to those about him. *Well, no use forming theories . . . have to see for myself.*

Bert had slept in the other guest room in Alfred's cottage, while his companions had returned to the village during the night. Jim and I were sipping our second cups of coffee when my uncle came out to join us. He was dressed in an old pair of jeans, with a wool shirt and a thick belt of brown leather. He was wearing a pair of heavy mountain-climber's boots, laced up under his pants legs. He started to smile in greeting, but his expression suddenly hardened and the hand he had extended toward me dropped to his side. He was staring at Jim. "My God!" he gasped. "What happened to you?"

My uncle's sudden shift of attention stifled the warm rise of excitement I'd felt at first sight of him. Of all the men I had ever met, Bert aroused the deepest, most intense complex of emotions. He had instructed me on S&M — verbally, both in person and by letter, but he had always held me at arm's length. I had never seen him other than fully clothed; much less been permitted to sample the skill and the warmth I credited him with having. I couldn't even be sure exactly how he felt toward me, though I hoped he had more regard for me than our blood relationship required. Jim hadn't answered him, and Bert remained poised in his posture of shocked surprise, his darkly handsome features creased with a worried frown.

"You should have seen him a couple of days ago," I said to fill the void. I'd forgotten that my uncle had no way of knowing what had happened in his house. The worst of the swelling about Jim's mouth had gone down, but one eye was partly closed and the bruises were turning a nasty yellow-green.

"Sit down and I'll tell you the whole story," Jim said gently.

Absently, Bert patted my shoulder, never taking his eyes off his houseman's features as he slipped into the chair next to mine. There was an almost puzzling degree of incredulous distress in his expression, and this made me speculate further on the true relationship between Bert and Jim. I had always been aware that they were more than merely employer-and-servant, but neither had ever enlightened me beyond the obvious fact of their being friends, as well. It was a secret they shared only between themselves.

Jim began to recount the happenings from the time of Bert's departure. My uncle listened without speaking or breaking his pose of intense attention. When Jim reached the part where I came into the picture, I supplied a few additional details, each of us adding our own evaluations in conclusion.

"The bastards!" Bert whispered. "The rotten bastards! But . . . you haven't any idea what they were looking for?"

"Just Charlie's tale about jewels," I replied.

"Jewels!" Bert gestured helplessly. "I never had any jewels, and if they were as well informed as they obviously were, they damned well knew it!" Another thought seemed to strike him and he broke off sharply. He turned toward me and his deep brown eyes seemed to search my face — intently, for several seconds. He looked back at Jim. "Is that all . . . Charlie told you?" he asked.

"That's all," Jim said simply.

I sensed some secondary meaning in this exchange, possibly a guarded communication that I wasn't supposed to understand. Whatever it was, I knew better than to ask. Bert leaned back in his chair, almost relieved, although Jim was still recounting the damage and loss of his furnishings. My uncle stopped him with a wave of his hand. "Everything's insured," he said. "The important point is that both of you are still alive."

He'd looked first at Jim, then at me as he said this, and I was sure he meant to include us both in his statement of concern. Jim went to the stove and started to prepare Bert's

breakfast, while my uncle remained silent and thoughtful beside me. Puzzled uncertainty continued to plague me. There seemed a hidden communication throughout much of the previous discourse, this impression becoming stronger the more I thought about it . . . tones and expressions, as well as the actual words. While Bert had kept his face completely under control, the color had drained away when Charlie's name had first been mentioned. His anger had been directed largely at the skinheads' abuse of Jim and myself, I thought; and his few subsequent remarks had continued to discount whatever concern he might have for his material loss. None of this seemed out of keeping with his personality as I knew it; yet the subtle essence of some hidden truth continued to elude me. It was much the same sensation I had experienced in the taxi, when I had tried to mentally reconcile the behavior of the London thugs. Only now I was wide awake; none of my nebulous, half-dreamed structures would fit.

Bert remained silent for a long time, stirring his coffee without seeming to see it. He finally drank most of it, and I stood up to refill the cup. As I did this, I glanced out the window. Alfred was in the shed behind the cottage. He had filled a couple of buckets with coal and was now in the process of moving some firewood closer to the back door.

"I wonder," Bert said thoughtfully, ". . . wonder if there could be some connection . . . what happened in London and this nonsense at the castle . . ."

"I'd thought the same thing," I added quickly.

Bert continued to concentrate for several seconds more, shook his head and forced a smile as he glanced up at me. "Can't be," he said at length. "I can't see any possible connection."

Alfred came in shortly after this, carrying an armload of wood for the kitchen stove. Crisp, cold air billowed in around him and in the daylight he seemed more his old self. "Ah!"

he exclaimed brightly. "Did all of you sleep well?"

"As well as could be expected," Bert replied dryly.

"You found nothing . . .?"

"Nothing," my uncle assured him. "Until I see this ghost for myself, I'm afraid I shall have to remain a bit skeptical," he added.

"The castle has long been rumored to have its ghosts," Alfred said. He tossed the wood into a large box behind the stove and poured himself a mug of coffee. He dragged a chair up to the table and set it between Bert and Jim. "I can tell you only what I have seen," he began with a sigh, "and I must admit my own confusion. I have been caretaker for a long time, as you know. I have heard and seen strange things before, but never any ghostly evidence that could not be explained in some other manner. Not until the two experiences I have already related." His gaze swept the table, including all of us. "Both with the tourists and with the boys that night in the basement, I know I saw *something* . . . what, I am not really sure. But I can assure you it was more than imagination."

"But before that," I asked, "what would you have said to a ghost being in the castle? I mean, were the things you thought you heard or saw — were these enough to make you feel there might really be something . . . supernatural?"

Alfred pressed his lips together, looking at each of us in turn. I had the feeling he didn't want to speak if any of us were going to laugh at him. Reassured by our serious expressions, he continued. "Let us say, these were the first times I became aware of something when there were others present. There have been other times . . . not many, but now and then there have been . . . things . . . sounds, shadows where there should have been no shadows." He spread his hands and grinned. "Who is to say? I have always refused to believe, and I have always before found some plausible explanation. But

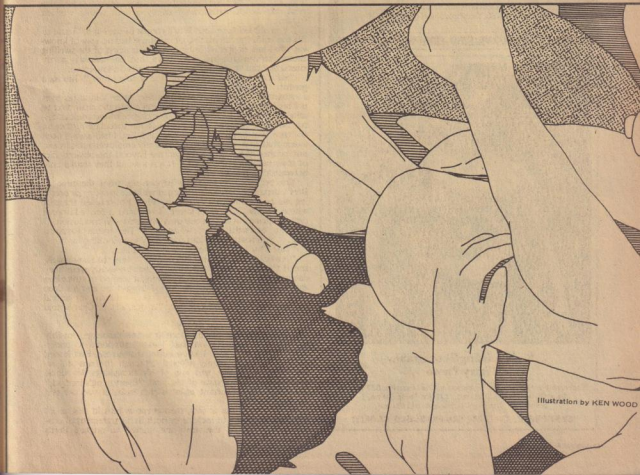


Illustration by KEN WOOD

now? I don't know," he added softly. "I just don't know."

"Well . . . I mean, if there's supposed to be a ghost, who would it be? Mad Ludwig?" I asked. I remembered my own fantasies and how I had imagined the spirit of the deranged king hovering in every darkened corner.

"No . . . no, much before Ludwig's time," Alfred answered slowly. "As you know, the castle was built by a bishop who lived during the time of great wars . . . when Jeanne d'Arc was leading the armies of Charles against the English. This was an age when the Church sold such titles, and the young man was probably no more instructed in the rites of his office than you or I. When Ludwig remodeled the castle . . . that would have been a little over a hundred years ago — he did away with many items which would have told us more of the former owner. But the existence of the dungeons, extensive as they are, implies their original use."

"According to local legend, the young bishop was a very unpleasant man. He maintained a small army, and he brutalized the villagers if they failed to pay their taxes and to fulfill their other obligations . . . servile labor and so forth. As a result, the parish priest delivered a sermon against him — a very brave thing to do in those days. He inflamed the people, however, and following the service an acolyte led a procession of villagers up to the castle walls. It was to have been a peaceful assemblage, to deliver a petition which the old priest had written out and upon which each villager had made his mark. The bishop invited the acolyte inside, apparently with all cordiality. The youth never came out."

"The villagers waited until nightfall. But it was winter, you see, and it became very cold. Gradually, the group broke up and all but a handful went home. It was these few who remained who carried back the tale of horrible, agonized screams seeming to come from the very stones of the wall. The cries became so dreadful they frightened the simple peasants and they, too, fled down the mountainside. It was later told that the bishop had subjected the acolyte to a series of terrible punishments and had finally sealed his living body into some hidden recess. The body was never recovered, so the story goes, and to the best of our knowledge it is still somewhere in the castle. The young man's ghost is supposed to walk the halls at night, and legend maintains it will continue to do this until the remains are laid to rest and a proper service is read over the grave."

"Didn't this . . . ghost ever bother Ludwig?" I asked.

"It is said that the king, in his madness, used to speak with the specter and to walk the walls with him at midnight. The story was repeated by several people at that time, all claiming to have seen them together."

"More likely they saw him with one of his tricks," I muttered.

"Or he deliberately played his charade to frighten the curious and keep them from disturbing him," Bert suggested.

"Every castle has its ghost," Jim remarked. "A lot of people expect it. They get very imaginative. Do you think that's possible in what's happened here?"

"I wish I knew," said Bert.

"I am convinced it is more," Alfred concluded. "As to its really being a ghost, I cannot say. Whatever it is, we must continue to search until we find the answer."

It was late in the afternoon when Kurt arrived with Edgar Harris. Kurt did not seem greatly changed in the several months since I'd seen him. If anything, the lines of arrogance were more deeply carved into his handsome, aquiline features. Like Bert, he appeared a little tired, but he still radiated the same aura of sexuality I remembered. We had parted on a note of anger — on Kurt's part, at least. He had accused me of trying to run away from myself, and had called me a coward for joining home at my father's insistence. Our affair had been stormy, at best, but the physical aspects had left a pleasant memory in their wake. I had been anticipating his arrival, and I moved forward to greet him when he entered the kitchen.

Much to my chagrin, Kurt's face remained impassive. His expression was stern, his gray-blue eyes appraising me with a cold, clinical lack of emotion. He had allowed his jet black hair to grow a little longer than it had been the previous summer; it now framed the tanned, weather-roughened skin of his face, hardening his features and making him look older than his twenty-five years.

After pointedly greeting the others first, Kurt acknowledged

my presence with a brief, formal handshake and immediately turned to introduce the man who accompanied him. "This is Edgar Harris," he said simply.

I took Edgar's hand, warm and slightly moist from having been in his glove. I don't remember exactly what we said . . . the usual mumbled formalities. While I hadn't thought about it before, I suddenly realized that until this moment I had been in a state of frozen emotion — only partially thawed by my physical closeness to Jim during the night. I had gone without sleep for so long, my body seemed to have lapsed into a dreamy lethargy where nothing about me was completely real. Other than my minimal participation in the morning's discussion, I had not offered much by the way of conversation and my thoughts had been largely centered on my uncle. I had allowed myself to drift into the well-established, comfortable pattern of imagination. My deepest desire was centered in him, would be until the day I had the chance to make the scene with him. But this was such a long-standing, seemingly unobtainable goal that it had ceased to blunt the attraction I might feel for another. Now, as Edgar's fingers closed about my hand, I felt the shell of dazed indifference give way.

I don't know if Edgar was aware of the effect his touch had upon me. If he did, there was no sign of recognition in his speech or manner. Even after we were all seated around the kitchen table, however, his physical proximity continued to exert a tidal force on my emotions. He wasn't the most handsome guy I'd ever seen, and he certainly wasn't any kid. I would have guessed his age to be about the same as my uncle — thirty-five, maybe a trifle less. He was tall — about Kurt's height, but with a heavier build and a lighter coloring. His face was almost craggy, his eyes so dark and wide-spread they gave one the impression of serene, masterful intelligence — competence. I was sure his body would be hard and supple, despite the baggy olive-brown jumpsuit which effectively concealed his potentials.

I felt as if I had just awakened, and I was aware, suddenly, of the house being uncomfortably warm. The sun had beaten down all afternoon, blazing through a clear, cloudless sky. It was the kind of day when photographers took their pictures for tourists' postcards . . . white snow as background for the towering, black-green pines . . . mountain cottages with wisps of smoke curling from their chimneys. I felt a glow of kindred warmth toward my companions. Regardless of the circumstances, it made me happy just to be with them.

The only discordant note was Kurt's attitude. I sat at the table between my former lover and Edgar, trying to listen as the others discussed their various ideas. My attention had shifted to this man of strength and knowledge, and except when he spoke I found myself involved in an unusually elaborate, consciously directed series of speculations. For the most part, the rest of them were reiterating the same ideas I'd already heard. When their voices registered at all, it was in bits and snatches. My own thoughts upon the subject were not important enough to bother presenting. I didn't have any data other than second-hand; so far, the problem of the ghost had failed to touch me personally.

Alfred was the most definite in expressing his doubts as to the supernatural origins of the supposed spirit. It was either a series of unfortunate happenstances, he insisted, else a deliberate hoax. Edgar tended to agree with him, I thought, but his experience in dealing with similar phenomena made him less willing to express an opinion. "There are many recorded cases which cannot be explained away," he remarked seriously. "I have come to believe in the possibility, at least, of certain psychic forces."

"And our ghost?" asked Bert.

Edgar squared his shoulders. "I would prefer not to speculate just yet," he said. His voice was low and deep, rumbling with a masculine vibrato that found its echo in my guts and which created a blush of warmth through my loins. I tried to force myself to pay attention, though my very decided attraction to Edgar made it a losing battle.

I listened to Jim, who was the firmest skeptic. "There simply is no such thing as a ghost," he insisted.

While I was inclined to agree with him, I still remembered my own moments in the castle. I knew that the feelings I registered in Alfred's kitchen, surrounded by group of friends and with the sunlight still filtering in through the window, were considerably different from the visceral reac-

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It's about time that we had a club of our own. And not just a club, but the kind of place that the fun-seeking sensualist in you has been searching for. There are a lot of things you could join — Discos, Encounter Clubs, Glory Hole Clubs — the DRUMMER KEY CLUB is none of these. We have taken the concept of a place where OUR people can enjoy themselves, well fun, friendly, exciting and inexpensive and come up with a concept you can't resist. Memberships in many places can cost you anywhere from a

few to thousands of dollars and about all you get is the privilege of paying five to fifteen dollars at the door for admission. People like to associate with their own kind and are usually charged considerable for that right.

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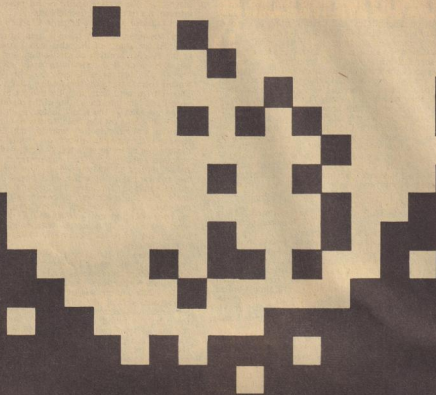
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tions I would have inside the gloomy halls of Mad Ludwig's castle.

I was most surprised by Bert, who expressed a strangely "objective" attitude. At least, that was how he termed it. "There are things we cannot explain or understand, just as Mr. Harris already noted," he said. "I don't like to admit being foolish or superstitious, but I'm not going to discount any possibility until we can definitely disprove it."

"A most conservative position," said Edgar with a laugh. Everyone watched him expectantly, deferring to his expertise. "I have been fortunate enough," he continued, "to be given access to some of the most baffling situations that have happened over the past twelve to fifteen years. I've been with several of the foremost authorities — if you can call them that — when they have been requested to investigate. This has included everything from the home of that movie star in Beverly Hills to the castles in Scotland... poltergeists in New England, in the Deep South. I've also been hired as consultant by various police departments, either to investigate allegedly fraudulent spiritualists or to help track down criminals who have an involvement in one way or another with the occult."

"In most instances..." He paused to emphasize the "most." "In most instances we have found an explanation, either a natural phenomenon or a contrived hoax. In others..." He drew a deep breath and shrugged. "In others, there was simply no possible alternative."

"And you will not find one here," Kurt muttered. "There has been a spirit in this castle since five hundred years. He... it has only now decided to appear again."

Jim started to argue with him, and they were soon deeply into a heated discussion. I found myself watching their faces and the faces of the others... intent, serious expressions on all of them. Edgar shifted his position, sliding his powerful frame closer to my side of the chair. I wasn't sure if he did it intentionally, but his thigh brushed mine and I almost bolted at the contact. As before, if he had been aware of my involuntary response he did nothing to acknowledge it. He wasn't looking at me, and had already projected himself back into the discussion.

I was getting bored with the whole scene by this time. They were going over and over the same ground, coming no closer to an answer than when they started. Some of my impatience may have stemmed from the unquestionable attraction I felt for Edgar. In any event, I found myself trying to visualize how it would be to play M to Edgar's S. I cast my thoughts back to the previous summer, restructuring the events with my present companion in the place of Kurt. I saw myself on the block of stone, naked, spreadeagle with wrists and ankles secured by leather straps. The musty gray stone walls of the ancient dungeon rose around me. I tried to fit Edgar into the scene, to assess his naked strength and to form a mental picture of his muscular contours. He would have a black leather vest over the solid flesh of his chest, chaps that clung to his hips and allowed his genitals to swing free through the opening.

But it didn't work. At first I tried to tell myself that Edgar didn't fit; it was only later I realized the lack was in myself. Defeated after several attempts, I surfaced mentally into the conversation. Kurt was defending his untenable position... untenable in the bright light of day, I thought. I wondered how many of us would be as confident in denying the existence of a ghost if we were in the darkened castle, alone as I had been... drained of the sexual lust which had driven me to enter the gloomy pile of rock to pretend I was a captive, visualizing the masters as I brought myself to climax in the shadowy silence of the vault.

I had formed these images so many times over the past several months, it had become almost automatic with me... until this particular moment. Now my reflexes seemed to balk. Even the recollection of Kurt's first contact, when he had crept up on me in the darkness and seized my wrist — secured the one remaining extremity and turned my masturbatory fantasy into reality — even this did not provoke the usual stir within my groin. Instead, I found I was casting back to the more recent experiences in London, picturing myself in the extended bondage, suffering the abuse and humiliation which Charlie and his friends had heaped upon me. At the time I'd hated it, struggled and fought against it. Now the thoughts shifted perspective, created the warmth and swelling in my groin which the older pattern failed to produce.

I saw again the form of my tormentor, recalled the heavy power of his body... arm muscles rising to press against the skin when his fingers closed about my balls or when he moved me from one position to another. The pain of his unrestrained usage... the searing agony of his massive cock plunging into me, the beatings... even the pins...

I succeeded in placing Edgar in Charlie's stead, though the form was nebulous and when I tried to see him clearly he assumed the aspect of the other man. I tried to place myself in the familiar position of subjugation, and to some extent I was able to do it. I could imagine the dominance of either man — of Edgar or of Charlie; but the genuine experience tended to intrude upon the weaker structure of my fantasy. Then I tried with Bert, long the subject of my projected desires. I put him into the setting of the blackroom and actually closed my eyes in the effort to feel again the mastery I had been willing to grant him from the day of our first meeting.

To a limited extent it worked, the firmly conditioned responses carrying me toward my mental goal. Beneath it, though, buried in the darkness of suppressed unknown, there remained a grating conflict. I had sensed it all before, but I'd always refused to acknowledge it. Now the meaning came to me, awkward and still unwanted. *I groove on being M when I dream about it, but when I'm doing it I'd rather play the other side.* This much was not completely new; I'd recognized it before. Yet the strength of my imaginations had convinced me they reflected my genuine desires. *What if they don't? What if the idea of being the bottom man is only a groove when I jack off to the picture of it? What if I'm really cut out to take the other role?*

I wondered if the same problem could have plagued the "exclusively" top men I'd known in the past: the real masters whose taciturn appearances made it inconceivable that they could ever harbor such ideas. I looked across the table at my uncle and found the suggestion impossible to reconcile... outrageous, verging on sacrilege. Yet the unwanted image remained. As I continued to stare in unfocused perception of the others, I found I was trying to put each of them into the role of supplicant. With myself as master it didn't work. That was too gross a divergence. Instead, I stepped aside and visualized the skinheads using them... Edgar, Kurt, finally my uncle. It was unfamiliar ground, and with Bert the previously established concepts refused to break. With Edgar, the problem also existed, but I sensed it was for a different reason. I simply didn't know what he'd look like without his clothes. While my strongest memory of Kurt had always been as the master, there had been that one time when the others had turned on him and placed the letters on his naked body. I had seen him strapped and chained, compelled to kneel and to go through the ritual of forced submission. I placed him in the blackroom and I pictured Charlie standing over him.

I wasn't used to playing out my fantasies as a voyeur. That was the first idea to strike me... egocentrism? Probably, I thought. *Shit, what else is sex all about? It all boils down to self-satisfaction. Make it good for the other guy, and it'll be better for you.* The cops who'd broken up our little club at school... they'd called me a spoiled brat... or punk... *lousy memory! Forget it!* I could already feel the chill and the receding level of desire. *That was a summer, but it's over... past. The Old Man took care of it...*

"Hey, Wayne! Are you with us or not?" Edgar's hand pressed warmly onto my thigh and his piercing black-brown eyes sparkled with amusement as he turned to look at me. He was smiling, laughing at my daydreaming... long, thick fingers only a couple of inches from the swollen evidence of erotic wanderings.

"We were attempting to solicit your opinion," Bert remarked sharply. He didn't really smile, though he also seemed amused and his sarcasm had no real trace of malice.

Edgar's hand had remained on my leg, warm and heavy until it rekindled the fading desire in my loins. I wanted to glance down to assure myself my cock wasn't going to prod his fingers. I must have blushed, because he suddenly lifted his palm and his smile spread more widely across his features. "How do you feel about it?" he asked.

I shrugged. "I'd like to see for myself," I told him.

"You may," said Alfred. "Tonight."

(To Be Continued)

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ALABAMA

W/M, 31, 5'11", 160 lbs., body-builder, interested in whipping, straps to bull whips. Seeks muscular guys tops or bottom. Send photo. Box 1319.

SOUTH ALABAMA REDNECK wants tumble in the hay—anything goes. W/M, 40, 5'8", 140 lbs., 8", Box 1416

HOT LEATHER

gloved, cigar-smoking Leather Master, 6', 145 lbs., w/m, 34, 7" cut, seeking brothers in Leather. Mutually satisfying scene and discretion assured; limits respected. You must be serious, disciplined, and unashamed of earned affection. No drugs, scat, or heavy pain. We are a rare breed. Box A85

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6', 2", 185 lbs., 8 1/2" unc; if you are white, masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave throat, bondage, getting the discipline from you I demand, fast-fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 3068

CALIFORNIA

HUNKY

SAN FRANCISCO AREA—Well put together pierced and tattooed M., new to area, 38, 6'3", 195 lbs., brown/blue, mustache, cut 8 1/2",

with heavy experience looking for serious Leather Master any race 25-50. Uncut meat a real plus, C/B torture, W/S, Whips. Ass work and a lot more just for opener. This animal into damn near anything with your pleasure his central focus. Have complete Leather and toy collection waiting for you. No farts or flems. All photos get mine and immediate reply. Box 1263

WANTED BOYISH

wanting to please young man, 18-25 who desires to be a real full time cut on an attractive fun loving, San Francisco area lumber-jack type, 40, who is into paddling, piercing, shaving and continual training of his healthy growing, boot-dog slave. Box B51

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Aquarius, 52, 5'11", 190 lbs., white 6 1/2". Knowledgeable, seeks lover & exhibitionist n ude house slave. Must be obedient and eager to please with a tight ass, a good cock-sucker, and rimmer. Good tit sucker, body hair will be shaved, under 50. No role switching, no one night stands, drinkers or smokers, also no dopers, hustlers, freeloaders or jailbirds. No photo no reply. Box 1296

SAN FRANCISCO ASS GAMES

Spread eagled, maybe tied down, enemas, butt plugs, Dildos, Vibrators, Spreaders, Hot oil, balls balloons and other toys. Maybe even a cock or a tongue ... Your hole and/or mine ... I'm 26, 5'10", 155 lbs., Brown hair, green eyes uncult. Send a description or photo of your favorite toy & tell me how you like to use it. Box 1277

BORN TO SERVE

This w/m bottom, 31, 5'10", 160, cut and pierced, is looking for the right top, 30-45, to serve life commitment is my goal. Into Leather, S&M, B&D. Gary, Box 16104, Long Beach, CA 90806

MASTER WANTED

L.A. AREA

arrogant goodlooking guy 22, brown hair, green eyes, with hunky body, seeks training and guidance from a patient yet firm Master. You are experienced, assertive, uninhibited, indiscreet and into leather, levis, jock straps, S&M, B&D, Living orders, WS, ass eating and other hot raunchy games. Please Sir, break me in, and use me as you wish. Write with photo and letter if possible to Clay Randall, P.O. Box 594, Montebello, CA 90040, Poss Rel with right Master.

HOT M. 40, 5'10", uncult. Experience piercer or pierces, needles, S&M, C&B, Bondage. Most far out kinky scenes in my fully equipped playroom. George Box 5641, Hunt. Bch., CA 94646

SAN FRANCISCO 32, white dog slave seeking to be collared/chained, caged, owned, by honcho to 40, stable together leather Master/Lover. No heavy S&M, dope, filth. Photo & phone to Ken, 540 O'Farrell St. #605, San Francisco, CA 94102

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER SEEKS: submissive, white slave to take torture, B&D. Master is age 42, of German-Irish descent, 200 lbs., 6'3", size 11 feet to step on slave, strong. Your limits respected. You can trust Master. Box 1332

SAN FRANCISCO W/M, 6', 152 lbs., 34, 8 1/2" Hard, into having my cum/piss stained jock sucked dry. Sweaty balls, arm pits, crotch ass and all to be licked. Into pissing into jock straps while being blown. Also into showing off my dick in public places that are discrete late at night. Will exchange jocks all over U.S. Photo in Jock and Phone # a must. Box 1292

SAN FRANCISCO, W/M 31, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoys hot times, groups. One to one, w/s, FF (top), Leather/Levi, Fantasies, phone, other. Prefer w/m 21-35, within S.F. Area. Photo & Phone gets response. Your fantasy is my challenge. Chuck Box A98

WANTED

W/M, Hot young (18-35) Topmen into B&D, S&M, W/S, Levis, Leather, Jocks, Master/Slave Games, face-sitting, fucking, ass play (no FF), and in need of head to toe service in hot masculine encounters. I'm a goodlooking w/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs., with trim beard & moustache and with brown hair and blue eyes, send photo. Box 1320

BEARDED OR MOUSTACHED FACE-SITTERS WANTED. I'm 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., bearded, and have no age or race restrictions. Write Horst Box 1015F

W/M, masculine, husky hunk 49, 6'3", 235 lbs., virile, experienced, wants macho studs near my size, 30 plus only. Into tit play, body contacts. One on or possible. California bodybuilders, cowboys, leathermen, etc. reply to Box 170.

Answering a Drumbeat ad is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number in pencil. You can write the box number on the back flap of the envelope. Put your return address on the envelope if you want the letter

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ITALIAN, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs. Hairly chest. Very attractive inexperienced looking for a top man for FF, Dildoes. Your place, Phone. S.R., 6467 Van Nuys Blvd. #381, Van Nuys, CA 91401

SAN FRANCISCO—S/M, 41, 6'11", 175 lbs., white, 8" cut, looking for some heavy scenes. Can endure much in either role and wants non-possessive partner who knows what he's doing. If you're a man, work me over, S&M, B&D, new ideas. Dork, 625 Post Street, #549, San Francisco, CA 94109

TITS AND ASS
LOS ANGELES. 40s, stocky hairy body, shaved head wants bun warmers and warmees for long, reciprocal spanking, tit-pinching, enemas, and more. Prefer mature, clean non-smokers who'd rather do it than talk about it, want to expand limits for both us. W 709

S/M SAN FRANCISCO
Looking for biker or leatherman for permanent relationships. P.O. Box 4244, San Francisco, CA 94101

HARDASS UNRULY CANINE MUTT WANTED
with thick, uncult cockmeat, hot-boiling, long-hangin', cum-filled balls by Black harduipo lustin' to collar/leash, break/train as boot-dog/teat slave animal. Need boot/cock-hungry, piss-thirsty maverick hunk. Submit to C/B torture, crotch shaving, humiliation. White/red dog ONLY who needs-/wants to be whipped/rope'd by its slave animal nuts and ridden hard needs write. Photo/phone for prompt reply. Box 988

OAKLAND. Need your cock and balls bound and tortured? I am the one who can do it for you. Write with details and photo to Box 19065, Oakland, CA 94619

NORWALKS looking for 18-30 who is willing to serve and can take what I dish out. I am 23, 5'6", 125 lbs. Box 706.

THREWAYS/ROUP SEX
San Francisco. Obedient slave and his hunky Master looking for hot lev/leather studs into threeways and group sex. Well-equipped toy chest. No heavy drugs. Your photo gets. Box 876.

S.F. BLACK LEATHER/BOOTS
Masculine S, w/m, 34, 5'11", 185 lbs., dressed in full leather, looks hot and smells good. If you are a slender w/m under 34, like good music, and are a hard cock, have a job, then get on your fucking knees and write. Don't expect a long reply from me. I want to meet you instead. Absolutely no flabs, fems, stupid or hard drugs. Box 854

ASS-KISSING, boot-licking sexy stud, 5'11", 170 lbs., mid 30's likes to take crap from blond beast brutes who think they are King-Shit-On. Box 1327.

Whipping Sessions wanted with leather/uniform men. Have experience both as bound cockslapping slave and as booted heavy whip wielder. I am uncult, thick cock for heavy sucking. Age 36, 175 lbs., 6', bearded. Box 841

DRUMMER 58

LATRINE DUTY

SAN FRANCISCO bottom, 36, 6'3", 165 lbs., 8 1/2" uncult, looking for white beards. I'm a latrine master for toilet initiation, use me as a latrine, piss-soaked jocks sucked dry, also into levis and leather, bondage, shaving, recycled beer from cheesy uncult cocks. Box 562

PIGS WANTED

San Francisco. Two hot pig farmers, both w/m. S: 37, 5'8", 140 lbs., 7 1/2" cut. M: 40, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8" cut. Have sty, toys, FFA, WS, enemas, tits, ass eating and other games. Photo gets reply. Write Troy, Box 31701, S.F., CA 94130. No scat.

EXTRA-HUNG

S.F.: Is that you, buddy? Is your dick extra-long and/or extra-thick? If you're ever been told "it's too big," and you're a stud, I'm a snopper, if you're frustrated by dudes who can't handle you, then you want to meet me. I'm 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., exporno art, horny, gldg, hot ass, insatiable appetite. And if you're a stud, super-hung horny dude, you're looking at hot ass with that meat of yours, plus any other ranchy action (except FF) write with a pic. I'm for real, man. Box 100.

SAN FRANCISCO: Particular Master, 32, seeks 19-22 leather, levis & barefoot sex for bottom role in light S&M sex, traveling companion into outdoors activities, possible S/R role toward 3rd parties with Masterful supervision. Box 789

HOT HORNEY

HAIRY HUNKY HUNG
L.A. AREA, 46, 5'9", 179 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 8 1/2" uncult. Into light S&M, B&D, jacks, leather, WS, TT, FF, JO, fantasy, trips. Open to most new scenes. Will answer with photo and photo. Box 349

HOT & READY IN L.A.

Scandinavian man, 33, versatile (very), good body, good looking. Enjoy 3-ways and groups also. Levis, leather, jacks, grease, outdoor sex scenes. Good men and good sex get same. Box 853

KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spankings, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162

WANTED!

BIG MATURE TITS!
P.O. Box 69, Desert Hot Springs CA 92240.

SAN FRANCISCO. Master, w, 25, 5'11", 180 lbs., visiting Frisco next summer. Want to meet willing slave into prolonged bondage, rope, mild S&M, C&B restraint. Young, trim, goodlooking slave to submit me the city by day and at night about the bondage. No drugs, no feds, no sex. Too much body hair, it will have to come off. Send photo. Box 683

DRUMBEATS BEATS 'EM ALL!
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SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, 41, 5'9", 140 lbs., experienced in bondage, FF, WS, boots, S&M. Respectful of limits, willing to experiment. Fully equipped game room. Box 239.

SAN FRANCISCO. Hot bearded man, 39, 5'9", 160 lbs., cut, white, into bodybuilding, backpacking and disco. Enjoy leather, military and western attitude. Sexual interests include cock and body worship, oil, movies, j/o, enemas, rimming, W/S, sweat, spit, toys, rope art, occasional FF and B&D (novice but interested). No scat and limited cum. Sexual equality with affection. Prefer slightly dominant, adventurous but level-headed partner(s). No fats or fems. Answer with photo for HOT reply. Box 784.

HAYWARD, S, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., 8 1/2" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No tats, no flabby, older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402.

SLAVE DANNY

LOS ANGELES AREA, I am more beautiful in bondage than in freedom, and I will submit to tortures, piercing, shaving, photography to you, Sir, or to groups. I need a Master to be pleased with and proud of me. Box 35.

Super-hot, goodlooking, hung young stud seeks other studs for challenges in top position. Travel to S.F., NYC, and Chicago often. I am a master who is into other masters. Men who can handle competition are welcome. 26, 6', 165 lbs., dark blonde, mustache, 8" cut. For the hottest, try the hottest. Box 674.

ARIZONA STATE TRAVELS for hot scenes, 6', blk/bwn, bearded, crew-cut, hung, w/m, 30's, 165 lbs. Seek totem to meter out heavy, bizarre punishment, meatotomy and other C/B/T as well as other semi-ulimate trips, including deep FF and the rest of your individual desires. The best practitioner will eventually get it all. Reply with phone, please to: Boxholder, P.O. Box 26042, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

S/M CIGAR SEX

Hot, masculine w/m, 28, smokes and turns on to cigars. Gets into light B&D, TT, VA. Leather. LA area preferred, but will answer all. Box 334.

Selective Sadist requires muscular masochist. Object: mutual satisfaction. Me: w/m, 38, 6'1", 190#, 8" uncult, inventive. You: ready for new adventures. Photo please. Box 817.

OROVILLE, 34, 6', 180 lbs., brown/brown, looking for master who loves leather as I do, feet, smell, taste, sight. I need humiliation, WS, hot j/o, feel, smell of warm/hot leather, scat and piss. I need the right man. W.R. Fiedler, Rt. 2 Box 2498, Oroville, CA 95965.

SAN FRANCISCO HOT S, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8 1/2" cut, looking for young intelligent macho bootlicker/cuckslapping slave into tit torture, B&D, FF, W/S, or anything else I order. Applications will be considered with photo. Ken, Box 695.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank armpits, slimey asshole and a cruddy uncult cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, leathers, levis and leather. Digs spitting, piss, shit, puking, sweating and farting. Gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 2948.

SAN FRANCISCO M, 5'5 1/2", 140 lbs, 40, new to leather world, seeks w/m, 25-40, to show the way. Must respect limits, no scat, shaving or piercing. Box 751

CHAIN ME UP

For the world, Don't let me see your face. Shave my head before you hood me. Cover my shaved, belt-marked body with piss & hot wax. Give me nothing to eat but piss & cum (maybe even my own). I need imaginative Master who respects my limits. San Francisco, 44, 6', 170 lbs., w/m, Box 640.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER to work you over. Hair, bearded, crew-cut erotic painter into total oral/anal play. Solid 210 lb. ex-coach expects obedience, digs worship. 6 1/2" cut, blue eyes, 5'10" sexual attitude, 52, wants macho partners who know how to serve. Only mentally & emotionally stable guys seeking involvement need apply. Relationship, including role-switching possible with right Man. Strong preference for hairy, red-headed, tattooed truckers and bikers looking for good hot times South of Market. Mellow scenes possible too. Enjoy men in charge. Willing to train novice. Respects limits but am firm. Push as far as partner's experience permits. For inspection and interview, reply with frank letter and recent photo. Box 493.

LOS ANGELES, M, hot young animal—w/m, 25, 6'1", 155 lbs. Wants wild leather/levis stud to take this punk to the limit in S/M, B/D, Wax, Cuffs, Collars, and Heavy GR. Come work this punk's ass. Box 997.

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER, wants submissive slave to take B/D/torture, C/B torture. Master is 6'3", 200 lbs., 42, German-Irish descent, Size 11, strong, handsome. Can be stern father as so. Slave of Nordic or Celtic descent, 5'10", 160 lbs. Wrestlers, swimmers, weight-lifters desired. Master will respect all of your limits! No marks. You can trust Master. Box 1279

SF BAY AREA—27, white, blond/blue, new to leather scene, like to watch the action. Let me watch you make it work, make me a convert. Box 447

RASSLIN'/FIGHTIN'

Fighting! Kickin', 28, strong, very hairy, and MEAN thinks S.F. tops are cockless wimps afraid to put their asses on the line in an all-out fight! If you think you're man enough to prove me wrong, let's tangle. No holds-barred brawl to a definitive submission finish. And after I've whipped your worthless ass, I'll stuff it with my cock and/or fist. Send challenges, photos to Box 816A.

HOLLYWOOD

M. 44, 5'6", 130 lbs., willing to try anything with the right Master. Prefer S/M, 35-55 in leather, levi, jockstrap, Box 392.

LOS ANGELES, M. w/m, 34, 5'7", smooth, slim, good body, 125 lbs., intelligent, goodlooking m looking for intelligent S. I NEED to serve my man and expect eventually only the limitations my Master has for me. Especially like to serve others for you. I need to be to properly serve YOU. Box 280.

LEATHER TEDDY BEAR

Clean cut, All American, blond guy available to be possessed and colored by one very special Master, who is dominant physically and psychologically and will teach his novice slave how to serve him affectionally. The bear is 33, 5'11", 180 straight-acting, intelligent and totally presentable, as much at home in Brooks Bros. as in bondage. No hard or rough stuff. Tom of Finland type and a good rider, for area but relocation is possible. I claim your bear respond to Box 999.

I want a hot, no-holds-barred, rough-ass time with someone who can be my Master and live up to it! Am bored with "green horns" Hope the right hunk will contact me. Prefer Macho Blacks or Espanol. Box B13

S/M, HOT.

Handsome, experienced leather Master seeks together man to serve me as slave and MC buddy rider, for am W/M, 28, 5'11", 130 lbs., black hair, mustache, blue eyes, 8" cut, double LEO with insatiable sex drive. You are W/M, 24-45, good looking, 5'5" to 5'11", hot hungry ass, no hard sessions, willing, loyal, submissive nature, trim beard and mustache preferred. Must be employed or financially independent. The kind of slave I want I can tie down to the seat of my motorcycle and warm his ass with my belt and fill his hole with masters juice and then fuck the hell out of his asshole with my hot experienced hands. Think you can serve a real Master. Then submit—a respectful letter, experience with photo and phone to Sir Calvin Martin, P.O. Box 1461, San Francisco, CA 94101. Limits respected.

BLACK MAN

40, 5'7", 128 lbs., looking for man 21-7, to train to my specifications. Should be 5'6" to 6", 120 to 180 lbs. Into kink & ranch & capable of blind obedience. Body should be in good shape, age, sex & endowment unimportant. Uncuts with big feet have preference. Require recent photo with letter detailing your capabilities. Box 852.

Experienced San Francisco slave. white, 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., seeks serious leather Master for training in bondage and bootlicking, water sports and whipping. Box 994.

LOS ANGELES AREA SOUTH Goodlooking, 38, trim and hot. Experienced, mustachated, bartender and waiter would like to work at your next party or just hear from you leather/levi fuckudders. Will travel to New York area, D.C. and NYC in '81. Your photo gets mine. Box B61.

SCATMAN LOADED

for sloppy pig out scene. Get stoned with hot good looking build w/m 36 who digs smooth bods with well-packed buds. Box 1695 495 Ellis St., S.F. 94102

SAN FRANCISCO. Muscular, Big dick, butt, Daddy seeks same for hot times. Must also have hot receptive rear (FFA questionable), must like spanking, titwork, some bondage, dildoes, piss up your butt, and a nice ripe asshole for eating. I'm 33, 5'10", 145 lbs., well-endowed and uncult, hairy, hunky, intelligent, nice man. I also like to kiss & cuddle. Do you? See issue #35, Tough Customers, "Bay Area Daddy." Send photo & frank letter will get prompt reply. Kent, P.O. Box 5171, S.F. CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO—w/m, 32, slim, trim, 6'2", 160 lbs., m. b. can be versatile, not to scenes, willing to learn. Into dudes who take care of their bodies, enjoy light S&M, B&D, some WS, 3-ways, and have lots of fantasies. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain, Box B10.

LOS ANGELES slave, 43, 6', 165 lbs., with large C/B's digs receiving C/B/T work, S&M, leather/levis, etc. Box A68

SAN FRANCISCO BOTTOM

Goodlooking, responsible w/m, 23, 5'9", 170 lbs., 8" cut, Solid. Looking for tough, loving leather man, biker. I love leather, wet suits, hoods, gloves, hot rough sex. Man to Man. Light S/M. Leather bondage a must. I need friendship and a firm hand. All letters and photos to Photo please. David L., P.O. Box 2544, San Francisco, CA 94126

S.F. LEATHERMASTER

38, 6'5", 185 lbs., 6½" uncult, black hair, mustache, wants slave with beard or mustache who does a good blow job, rimming and licking crotch & balls for life of obedience and servitude. Into B&D, TT, CBT, MD (mad doctors), witchcraft, leather and rubber. FF optional. No scat or WS. Live-in a possibility for the right person. No overnights, fats, fems, olds. Send pic to Box A44.

I LIKE LEATHER!

I also like levis, boots, and? Am 5'9", well-built, male Asian. An emperor does not expect to repeat an order, neither do I. If you are a guy interested in the S&M scene and like leather, too, let's get together. Send a recent picture of yourself and a small introduction. Box A51.

GORRONTOPHILES

et al. Cererous 50s, articulate tongue, kind but ruthless, even if I care. Knowledge of autohypnosis is a sex and a good use. No fats or hardcore drugs. Can you rise to the occasion? Box A52.

ARROGANT

smelly, abusive Master (W, 32, 5'11", 186 lbs., beard) and his personal slave-dog and toilet (W, 32, 5'9", 180 lbs., beard) invite meetings and correspondence with pigs, latrines, Tops, bottoms, voyeurs, exhibitionists and adventurers, animals to explore all extremes. Box A65

LOOKING FOR NICE PEOPLE who like to play with drapery cord, arms, legs, and whatever. Use me as the drapery hook and thread me anywhere you like. Marcus 213/863-5818 or Write Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650

Applications for full-time, live-in slave now being accepted. I am a 30-year-old, independent contractor, bodybuilder, dominant and sadistic. You are 20-30, submissive, honest, not afraid of hard work, long hours, and heavy pain when deserved. You tow the line and I'll treat you right. Mail photo, list of experience, and sincere request to: 955 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

EX-RANCH HAND

loves horsemen, cowboys, troopers and deputy sheriffs with full discretion. Corrals, stalls, barns, tack rooms, saddles, rawhide and ropes and a lot more. Greater S.F. Bay area/Monterey Bay area. Willing to travel California & neighboring states. Need stockade detention, stake-out, immobilization. Over 32 years. If you are in authority, write with photo to Box 832.

S.F. PENINSULA—Goodlooking, young m in 40s, white, top man, 5'9", 155 lbs., cut, seeks goodlooking, well-built, masculine S/M, 27-40, for intense asshole sex (including FF). Will also fuck your face, use abusive language, and experiment in water sports. Prefer men into snow skiing or other constructive interests. Could consider as a roommate. Photo preferred. Reply Box A50

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 33, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, goodlooking, hardedged Libran into Top/bottom trade-offs or one-way clashes with serious leathermen intent on hot bondage and belt sessions; bodies in leather and toys in hand, we'll put tits, cock and ass to their proper use. Skip the bull shit, forget the scat, tune in to the head and the body and let's explore. Photo brings photo. DRUMMER Box A56 or to Jany, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, S.F. CA 94117.

SF LEATHER STUD

Big Master wants your tight ass & body for my sadistic pleasure. White, 31, 6'1", 29" waist, 42" chest, 180 lbs., hairy muscular body, bearded/tattooed. Masculine slaves into S&M, leather and being fucked who know their worthlessness and how to please, need only respond. Must have facial hair and handsome looks (no pretties) into piss, hot wax, B&D, pain, T/T, boots & cigars. Respect limits if good. No fats, fems, novices, and must have leather. Box A57.

SAN DIEGO, Top, 40, 6'1", 195 lbs., into all scenes—tits, w/s, FFA. Have full equipment. Will train novices. Box A70.

SAN DIEGO MEN!

Two men, 38 and 39, seek contact with other men into fucking, fisting, W/S, jack-off, jockstraps, leather, anal play, etc. Couple preferred. No tats, fems. No non-smokers! Box 895.

TWO MUSCULAR TITMEN

into giving and receiving tit training, nipple stretching, stretching, piercing, FF, genitalure, and other scenes considered. Private, isolated training room available. Your letter and photo get ours. Farmers, Box 262, Live Oak, CA 95953.

PALM SPRINGS

M, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs., desires S who is dominant in mind as well as body. Levis/leather a turnon. Box 902.

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine build, cut, looking for masculine, slender or muscular man under 55, white. Not interested in fucking anything I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C.

SIR!

W/m slave, 33, 5'11", 150 lbs., 7" cut, trim beard and mustache seeks Master for serious training. Am obedient, respectful, good learner, goodlooking, masculine and need to be brought to my knees in service. Bob, 256 S. Robertson, #308B, Beverly Hills CA 90211. Can travel.

SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER MASTER

38, needs B&D slave 21-35, for total servitude. Must like TT, Whips, Heavy Bonds, etc. Live-in possible for right slave. Have well equipped play room—send photo and frank letter to Sir John, 742 #D Castro St., San Francisco, CA 94114

LOS ANGELES: I dig licking your big balls and swallowing your hot cum. Am 38, 5'7", 140 lbs., 7" neat bod. Will fulfill any fantasy. Box 975.

WANTED!

Slave to receive mild B&D torture, from former high school educator. Any age, any size ok. German & Swedish types desired! Wrestlers ok. Box A35.

WHAT IS RUBBER?

Rubber shirt, rubber pants with dildo, rubber face mask, catheter. Let's rubber together and see. W/M, 37, looking for anyone interested in above. Box A42.

Hairy guy into raunchy jock straps, W/S, and heavy leather. Digs having his crotch licked, cock and balls pissed on. Am 6', 155 lbs., 8" white, 32. Photo in jock strap and leather jacket a must. Box 967.

SAN FRANCISCO w/m, 41, 6', 170 lbs., wants action not talk. FF (top), whipping, fucking, sucking, heavy tit work. Box 677.

SENSATIONAL AND FREE

out of this world servicing for muscular top studs any race, especially oriental and blacks. Punish my red hot buns or taste my moist job. You'll go crazy for more, nothing like it. Absolutely discreet. Orange County, Los Angeles ... Write your thing I'll phone or reply ... Box 1366, Don't miss this super servicing.

THE TOILET

\$1 Flushes an application. \$3 Flushes a Tissue Sample. \$10 Flushes a Full Roll with or without your own listing. Write: John H., 433 Gough St., San Francisco, CA 94114

HOUSE/SLAVE

SAN FRANCISCO live-in full time. 21-36. Prefer short, muscular blond. But if you are not, convince me you are good material. Room, board, training, hard work, few privileges. You will be ringed, shaved, stripped, exhibited, used. Must work out in gym regularly, diet, no smoking to develop into top quality material. Your decisions will be made for you and you will experience good care. Serve several masters. Dedicated only. Call (415) 864-7646 evenings. Keep trying or write Box 1000, DRUMMER.

JAPANESE MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT

and Karate Teacher, M. 30, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks goodlooking W/M lover with same interests and lifestyle. Also into Zen, BB, Leather and Good sex. Sincere and discreet only. Write with photo. Box 1367

PERMANENT MASTER NEEDED By obedient slave, w/m, 38, well experienced in B&D, S&M, have well equipped play-room and leather/leather equipment for Master's pleasure—please Sir, send orders (with photo) thank you, Sir) to Max, 742nd Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114

LOOKING FOR YOUNG HOT MEN Who need \$\$\$ Seeking man to serve as Host for visitors to L.A. area. Must have place for visitor to sleep. Pays well (see our ad coming to California). Send 2 photos, one nude or shirtless with info about your self to: Steven & Friends, P.O. Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650

LOS ANGELES. A muscular, chubby thick/set masculine, dark, black man about 50, is beautiful erotic to me. Affectionate Greek active W/M, 39, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks relationship. I'm bearded blue-eyed, slightly effeminate, intelligent, talkative, love opera. Informative letter and frank photo appreciated. No dirty talk ... Libra Box 60851, Los Angeles, CA 90060

WANTED TO HIRE: GOOD BOTTOMS

Private club needs husky, hard-working, dedicated bottoms to work nights as towel boy, shine boy, pool boy, attendant or anything we tell you to do. Serve obediently the hottest men in town at the hottest club in town. Call respectively to 415/864-3877 days or 415/864-7646 evenings. Be humble.

MARIN COUPLE

bot 45 seek slave with limited. Must surrender his body completely to be chained, whipped, tortured, shaved/fucked, pissed on, pissed in, pierced, humiliated, degraded and then just possibly loved. Serious only, no fantasies. Will answer all replies with photo enclosed. Box 679

ATHLETIC BLOND

L.A., 6'3", 180 lbs., 38, masculine, hot red seeks slim/skinny buddy 18-28, no beard. Box 60851—M, L.A., CA 90060

LOS ANGELES AREA: W/M, 5'6", 128 lbs., 28. Hot. Seeks patient master for training novice. Must respect limits. I desire to serve. No pain or drugs. Exchange photos, ideas. Box 1399

NICE WOMAN looking for open minded, creative friends. For friendship—no limits—no hang ups. Steve (213) 863-5818

Training, Controlled Behavior. Slippery Dick, Novice, cut/uncut, hot, look Proper request to Sir, Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068

KENNEL MASTER NEEDED

By dog-slave, 35, for obedience training. Turn me into your DOG. Box 1378

SAN FRANCISCO PASSIVE W/M, greek, 51, 5'8". Seeks active greek with place to submit my slim body in panties, etc. for you to tie, whip use tit clamps and teach me the joys of C&B work, being F&D, and piercing. P.O. Box 6285, San Francisco, CA 94101

DON "MASTER OF LEATHER" shows services. Rides Again offers professional services for \$200 for \$75.00 per session. Very Handsome blond, hairy-chested, 6', 165 lbs., of man. Experienced/imaginative. Best equipped mirrored playroom including sling, stockade, suspension, and more. Bondage, W/S, FF, C&B Torture, Wax, Shaving, Dildos, butt plugs, Tit work, spanking/paddle/flag, electricity, Fantasies & Fetishes. Super light to super heavy. Private/discreet, novices welcome. Limits respected and hopefully expanded. Call Master Don (415) 584-9341. Honest, safe, trustworthy.

COMING TO CALIFORNIA? Need a place to stay and someone to show you around. Well for \$250 a day you will get a place to stay and a nice young man to show you the sights. Some meals are covered in this price. Call \$250 for more information to: Steven & Friends, P.O. Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650. We will send you all the info by return mail.

HOT SLAVE NEEDS STRICT MASTER

SAN FRANCISCO Hot slave, 33, 6', 148 lbs., looking for master to train this no good slave to serve him and who ever else he desires. Into all scenes but need a master to expand this slaves training in all areas but I can take whatever you can dish out to this slave. Will relocate for right Master, if he can prove to me that he can handle a rough slave who has always turned his masters into slaves, so all You Hot Masters get off your fucking asses and order this fucking slave around to see who will own me for life. You must be able to fuck me up and beat the hell out of me and not stop even if I want you to. Please Sir write this piece of shit. Will answer all who sound like a Master for Me. Box 1419

SAN FRANCISCO HANDSOME NOVICE, 27, needs help learning the joys of S&M pleasure. Am 5'10", very hairy, husky build, 8" cut, novice. Want 25-35, experienced 5'10" or over, caring, patient teacher preferred. Blond, brown eyes, LEAN ... Box 1289

SAN FRANCISCO ASS EATER W/M, 39, 5'10", 140 lbs., wants to worship mouthached or bearded Tompen's cocks, balls & assholes under his toilet seat. No age, weight or race restrictions. Box 1344

HOT & HORNY

young white male looking for good times & hot action. Prefer 25-45, well built man who knows how to give it a love to take it. I'm 23, 5'10", good build and versatile. I like hot people and hot times. If you want a great time, send your picture. Box 857

OAKLAND W/M, 42, 5'7", 165 lbs., Army Officer looking for slave into B&D and/or S&M. Willing to consider live-in for room, board & allowance. Prefer under 25, caucasians only, clean shaven. Respect limits. No fems, Fats, Box 1342

SAN FRANCISCO M. Scorpio, young 50s, bearded, looking for S, 30s, or older, experienced and interested in exploring tits, ass-stripping, C&B restraints and related action with a view to meeting regularly and seeing where we can go from there. Mail your short forms and W2's with \$6.00 to Gary Johnson, 1331 San Antonio Dr, Suite 115, Norwalk, CA 90650 and your filled out return will be mailed back within 7 days.

HOT YOUNG MAN LICENSED and bonded will prepare your tax returns. Mail your short forms and W2's with \$6.00 to Gary Johnson, 1331 San Antonio Dr, Suite 115, Norwalk, CA 90650 and your filled out return will be mailed back within 7 days.

HOT, HUNG & HAIRLESS TOP Young blonde looking for hairy heman into wrestling, jockstraps, l/o scenes and hot action. Can't get enough. Box 1322

MASTER JOHN TALL 64, handsome aggressive soft spoken Man with S.F. S&M complete workshop looking for slender dudes into full S&M action. Must be clean, intelligent and anxious to serve a reasonable but demanding top man. For interview send description and phone number. Box 1403

SAN LUIS OBISPO AREA Leo bottom, 28 (jk 21) 58 1/2", 125 lbs., brn/bn, 6 1/2" cut, big balls. Need to be bound in leather & ropes. Into B&D, light S&M, C&B/Tit work, toys, scat, FF, Piercing or Injury. Rural setting a plus. Box 1406

AM 6'4", Brown hair, Blue eyes, Mustached, 190 lbs., I've modeled, looking for warm contact, Brain and Body. Box 1413

COLORADO

DENVER COWBOY needs Leather/Levi Master. P.O. Box 18595, Denver, CO 80218

DENVER AREA Loves to be bottom. I like all forms of sex and enjoy it most out of doors. Am 33, 5'8", 150 lbs. Well-built men 20-45 who like head jobs and hard fucking write Box A25. No fats.

DENVER, COLORADO W/M, 45, 6' 1", 175 lbs. Submissive Male seeks training from other males who enjoy Bondage. Race and age unimportant. I have a desire to please. No drugs or pain, will answer all who send picture and phone number. Box 1409

CONNECTICUT

NEW HAVEN

26, 6', 170 lbs. brn/bn beard seeks introduction, guidance to rubber scenes. Prefer older bearded, paunchy, avuncular. Correspondents only, okay complete discretion. Box 1310

SM, 45, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, well-versed as looking for tall, well built, well hung studs. Box 965

RASSLIN'

Young, hot, muscular stud, 5'7", 140 lbs., seeks jocks for rasslin'. Box B28

EXPERIENCED LEATHER MASTER

Looking for Leather/Levi, S&M slaves. Those who want a dominant Master into Leather, Bondage and many other interesting sexual scenes. Send me your application. Acceptable applicants will be trained to explore new adventures. If you are experienced send me your application also. Box 437

STAMFORD S with bull whip requires total obedience. Have 9/2" to forcefeed your mouth or ass. Only interested in real men over 20. Box 579

MUSCLEMEN ONLY

HANDSOME, broad shouldered, hairy men with large biceps and hard pecs up for wrestling, massage and friendship with goodlooking bright young man with slim semi-muscular, light body. Write: Larry, 504 Orange St., New Haven, CT 06511

HARTFORD GWM, 6'1", 165 lbs., mid 30s, moustached is into sucking cum cummed jeans, hairy armpits, tits, fleshy navels and cut cocks. Can travel. Big, beefy guys a plus. No S&M, drugs or weirdos. Box 1412

HARTFORD, W/M, 35, 5'10", 5'6", 135 lbs., seeks w/m, any age for father/son type discipline. Make me submit to bare-assed spankings across your knee with strap or paddle. Box 1417

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEED TO BE CONTROLLED? S, 61, 185 lbs., will train slave any age with good body, firm buns. Masculine looks a must. Box 704.

WASHINGTON, DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30" w, white 6", runner/weightlifter. Well-built, lean, muscular. Interested in similar S for erotic S&M. B&D. Box 215.

MD, DC, VA areas

Two Bodybuilders—S, 6'1", 172 lbs., 36, 7 1/2", M, 6'1", 175 lbs., 32, 8"—both well built. Into S&M, bondage, discipline, heavy tit work, hot masculine guys. Interested in one-on-one, three-ways, or groups. Reply with photo if possible and phone. Box 36

WASHINGTON DC AREA W/m, 40, 5'11", 175 lbs., b/b/b, 180 w/m, partner 25-40 with facility for D&D, enemas. Can travel Wash.—NY. No fats, drugs, scat. photo requested P.O. Box 23867, Wash DC 20024

FLORIDA

Want to eat from your dog bowl and feel your riding crop. If you have uncultured thick cock, hairy balls, a hairy arse for me to eat from, and you are very strict in your demands, please contact me. I am 39, 5'10", 184 lbs., 9" uncult. Box 735.

TRAVELING TO ST. PETE & WEST COAST AREA W/M, 30s, Hairy body, clipped beard, 155 lbs., 5'9", would like to contact kinky men into WS, TT worship, FF, and or mid S&M for B&D. I am an imaginative person. Will be in area late March and April. Write now so I will have enough time to reply. Your photo gets mine. Box 840

MIAMI, Two SM Men want to meet others seriously interested in the idea of mental, physical and spiritual self improvement through B&D, Humiliation, Discipline and various acts of humiliation. Only those who honestly wish to explore this idea need reply. P.O. Box 651038, Miami, FL 33165

FT. LAUDERDALE: Masculine, imaginative, dominant Master seeks together studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M, C&B/TT, piercing, shaving, for 3-way with in-house hairy. Can admire heavy discipline but no permanent damage or Scat. Demanding but considerate. Am 45, 165 lbs., 7' cut with big balls and big hands. Box 258

SW FLA. S. Top, leather biker stud, 39, 5'7", 140 lbs., crew-cut, construction worker, heavy-hung, digs masculine only humpy service buds for long term sexual sessions. No fats, old men, etc. You get my attention if you are into leather, levis, boots, bikes, cigars, aroma, etc. Am dominant and aggressive, sane and sensible. Respect limits. Interested travel ok. Submit qualifications and photo to Box 315.

HOT ADVENTURES IN PARADISE Uncut 8 sm, transplanted San Franciscan, offers hot Key West action of qualified visitors. Hard-bodied, hard-headed, hard-playing 35-year-old welcomes other adventurous studs into exploring and actualizing our mutual fantasies. I'm attractive, intelligent, responsible, muscular and mustached; it takes the same to turn me on. Blondes, big tits, interest in bondage, S&M, CB and tit torture, FF are plusses, but less important than body and attitude for adventure. Planning a visit to paradise? Reply (with photo if possible) to Box 792.

SM, Pisses 36, 5'8", 165 lbs., well built, white, 6", knowledgeable, experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well built, big, no fats, fems. Box 009

RED-NECK FIGHTER Muscular young gladiator slave into all types of fighting, wrestling, boxing, etc. Tough, well-built fighters send challenges/photos to: Bud "Maciste" Becher, c/o 5260 N.E. 6th Avenue #B, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33334.

TALLAHASSEE w/m, 24, 5'9", 165 lbs., wants to be trained to serve a master's needs. L/L, uniforms, harnesses. Box 474

FT. LAUDERDALE. Part-time slave wanted by Scorpio, trim, athletic. Bondage, discipline, humiliation, paddling. Novice or experienced. Must have firm body, smooth ass, very little body hair. Must be intelligent, discreet, youthful. No fats, fems, phonies. Send detailed, honest letter with photo and phone number to Box 881.

MIAMI, w/m, 42, 5'10", 160 lbs., blind/blu. Show off your tough hard body, with this goodlooking ranch Man. Into workout mates, mirror J.O. Piss worship. Sweat. Heavy dildo and Enema action sought and wanted. Tender young guys expertly taught how to be men. Write w/photo Box #47

HAIKY MACHO MEN If you're into funky, hot, sweaty sex and are hairy, rugged, rough masters, write and tell me what you would do to me. This good slave can travel and can receive. Also specializing in WS, S&M, B&D, rimming. Fr and Gr with Mr. Right. Box 59.

Attractive, stable, intelligent man, mid 20s, white, has been exploring sado-masochism several years; wants similar man to mid 30s for honest continuing weekend explorations. Must have come to an understanding that mutual exploration, support, respect, and care are requisite to building the trust and love central to any real sado-masochistic relationship. Not looking for one fantasy fuck. Honest only with a sense of humor should reply. Confidential and expects the same. Central/South-Florida. Prefer Top/bottom man. Box A37

MOTORCYCLE COPS Muscular hairy stud, 6', 165 lbs., wants to correspond with motorcycle cops and other MEN into same. Only boot/breast/uniform enthusiasts into disciplined scenes need reply. Discretion assured. Box 111F.

WEST PALM, W/M, 33, 5'8", 8", 200 lbs., Seeks handsome, Masculine and Muscular guys 22-31 for sex, friends, workouts. Possible roommate. Photo & Phone appreciated. Box 1313.

FL. Walton Beach W/M, 26, 5'10", 135 lbs., Seeks older guys 18-23. Am looking for friends and possibly more, possible permanent relationship, not into S&M, B&D, fems or fats. Phone and Photo helpful. Box 1375

GEORGIA

GEORGIA, GWM, Cancer, 29, 155 lbs., 5'11", Blue eyes, hairy, mouth-ache, goodlooking, active/passive, fr/gr, FF, Dildoes, three ways, verbal. Seeks like minded. Robbie, 98 Peachtree Place, Warren Robins, CA 31093

M, 26, white, 5'10", 147 lbs., into rough fucking and fist fucking, piss, S&M, B&D, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meetings or correspondence with aggressive Tops in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. No fems, scat, scars, or blood. Box 288

A DRUMBEAT AD GETS FAST RESULTS

ATLANTA MS, Aquarius, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., white, good body, level head, very intelligent. Looking for men over 25 into B&D, suspension, tit workouts and similar action. Able to take charge, but prefer not to. Respect for limits assumed, expansion by mutual consent. Box 714

ILLINOIS

BOOKLEEKER CHICAGO, RINGED M, 31, 6'1", 175 lbs., Needs Humiliation and abuse from strong willed cocky Master. Into suspension, bondage, tits, piss, rubber. Write: Wolf, 6636 Newgard St., Chicago, IL 60626

W/M, 31, 5'11", seeks men into B&D and humiliation. Men in underwear especially and longjohns. JWH, 4505 Briar Place #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

HOT RAUNCHY SEX Bondage, fantasy, face-sitting, uniforms, anal, breast, sweat, pain, humiliation, leather, levis, smelly socks, uninhibited sex. W/M, 35, 6', 160 lbs., good face/body/voice, always top, but might switch or do mutual pig/pain scene with right man. From torture to toilets, boot camp to drunken buncos, it's all good. Let's explore. Travel U.S. Box B64.

Discreet young slim bi. Neophyte wanted for gentle anal dildoes or enemas. Also will photo only the most stunning: tattoo, pierce, FF, W/S shave, dog, & outdoor scenes—for your use. Eric & Beth, P.O. Box A-3248, Chicago, IL 60680

SPRINGFIELD, S, 54, 5'8", 160 lbs., looking for slave, 21-50, white only. Am experienced, respectful of limits. Can be either extremely sadistic or gentle, based on slaves endurance. Must be clean. Box 382

Chicago, Arles, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 418.

CHICAGO SLAVE W/M, 27, 5'8", 165 lbs., will serve TV or Master. Taste piss, cum in mouth, face sitting, toe sucking any and all. Eat ass, suck cock. Swallow all. Box 1326

WANTED: Writer needs input for story tellin'. Dr. Fiedermaus says my fiction lacks authenticity—so tell me the S&M "do's" and "don'ts". Brian O'Hara, 4321 W. 95th St., Oak Lawn, IL 60453

Big young man, 21, 5'10", 234 lbs., br/r, looking for someone to teach me S&M and anything that can be enjoyable. Would like to learn how to be a slave and Master. Please send phone and photo. And let me know what you want to teach me. Dennis, Box 18, Roxanne Trailer Ct., Carbondale, IL 62901

CHICAGO-FANTASY W/M, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., Horny and Hot. Looking for some to 2B. Poppers, smoke, suck, fuck, J/O, FF, W/s, act/passive. Single or couples. Letter and photo to: Brown, 3423 W. Drummond Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

CHICAGO w/m, 38, S, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8", seeks friends/slaves 30 or over, in good physical condition with level head. Box 894.

HOT AS A PISTOL

Chicago, hot as a pistol law student very handsome, 22 year old, black BB, 5'4", 125 lbs., I'm right & tough. Tired of the bar? Bath games? I'm into hot, athletic, white guys who know how to fuck and or be fucked. Into most scenes. Love worshipping a nice body and love my body worshipped as well. If you're into hot body, a liberal and want to fuck with a man as it's supposed to be done, write me at 6214 N. Winthrop, #510, Chicago, IL 60660. Thanks Buddy

NEED HAIKY-CHESTED SADIST CHICAGO to work me over in need of serious for mutual pleasure. Cigar smoker a plus. Cock, balls, tit piercings: Flirting, Ball Busting, etc., I am 6'1", 190 lbs., 37 years, with 8 1/2" cock. In good shape. Box 1371

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, M, 49, 5'10", 170 lbs., 6'1", white, experienced. Will make up in obedience what I lack in experience. Seeks sincere, understanding and knowledgeable Master to bring out the best in me. Will try anything once. Can travel to surrounding states. No blood and no scat. Photo please. Box 833

GENERAL MAN WANTED Black male, 21, 5'8", 158 lbs., both body, bright nice looking, capable of seeking generous man in charge of compassionate carrying and in a position to offer help to a special person, school future, will travel, discreet, age-color not important please submit letter and photo (red) S.H.C. P.O. Box 44775 Indianapolis, IN 46204

IOWA

IOWA MASTER, 6', lean, white, seeks permanent slave for complete physical & mental training, naked bondage & submission. Must be lean or muscular, hairless in body and ready for slavery in mind. Send photo, application, & phone to Box 979.

KANSAS

KANSAS CITY MASTER, Affectionate Scorpio uncult 8", 5'8", 145, solid, prefer small slim white 20-40, Greek passive, Fr s/p. Live in love/slave who needs to be owned, possessed for permanent relationship—with no hang ups—Respect limits. Box 1318

KENTUCKY

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE Lexington, S, 38, 5'11", 175 lbs., experienced in all scenes. All limits considered. Master has firm body and have your head on. If you are ready, write now. Box 986, Lexington, KY 40588

LOUISIANA

MONROE, 33, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeks w/m, 25-40, a primarily M into father/son type discipline with bondage. Will assume S role for proper M. Box 332

MAINE

Have a fantasy?

Want it to come true? Two bearded dudes from northern Maine provide all scences: groups, FF, WS, J/O, tit and ball torture, bondage, voyeurism, smokes and aroma; ready for hot, kinky action. Come visit, write or call. Your photo gets ours. Les Quebecois sont surtout les bienvenus. Box 796

PORLAND, SM couple seeks third or other couple in Portland ME. Master is 6'11", slim, uncult and demanding. Slave is 5'10", cut and pierced. Box 1329

MASSACHUSETTS

BI-WHITE SLAVE

31, will serve all. Dig poppers, jocks, groups. No FF or scat. Write Boxholder, Box 683, Methuen, MA 01844

HIDE TANNING: NO ENGLAND/ N/W/M, 5'3", 34 lbs., seeks to hear from you if you need to have your hide tanned and attended to. Disciplined and understanding. Also seek contact with other tanners in search of new hide. Box 1407

CAPE CODE, S, 52, 6', Taurus, 200#, well muscled, tough, uncult. Into B&D, W/S, shaving, FF, and all kinds of anal entry, enemas and other sports. Seeks white slave, 18-40, totally submissive, for prolonged long-term service. No drugs, fats, or fems. Must be able to endure moderate to heavy pain, ball torture, lit piercing, prolonged immobilization, butt abuse, body whipping. No crybabies, softies, or thrill-seekers need apply. I am looking for a serious slave who craves punishment, abuse, humiliation, and expects nothing but pain, torment, and discomfort in return. Box 790.

EXPERIENCED TOPMAN

46, 5'9", 160 lbs., seeks L/L partners over 25. Beards or moustaches a plus. Box 721

BOSTON: Bearded w/m, mid-30s, versatile and imaginative. 5'9", 155 lbs., uncult, hairy body; turned on by tit work, w/s, ass work, and foot licking. Seeks men of same interests. Willing to expand. Box 640

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE-ANNAPOLIS AREA, S, 38, 5'10", 170 lbs., Bearded, hung, goodlooking, firm but understanding. Seeks slaves for long sexual sessions in equipped den. All scenes, other tops welcome to share slaves. Letters with photo gets answered. Box 1410

White male, 45, 5'5", 160 lbs., Bottoms looking for no scat, FF, or dope. All else ok. Blacks or Whites. Max Gertson, 9 Manchester Place, Silver Spring, MD 20901

BALTIMORE or Washington DC area. SM (either role), into L/L, WS, CBT/I, B&D, strap, FFA, no scat. Apply with picture stating desires. Frequent visitor to Chicago, L.A., S.F. Box 855

HAGERSTOWN, W.M. 35, 6'1", 170 lbs., bodybuilder looking for other masculine well-built bodies. Must be totally male. Box 36

NOVIE

BALTIMORE AREA, M, 5'11", 180 lbs., 6', cut, seeks sincere understanding. Experienced, knowledgeable master to bring out ability to serve. Am willing, obedient, and eager to learn. Some US travel. Box 128

BALTIMORE AREA, M/S, 5'8", 160 lbs., interested in meeting locals in general for active relationship. In no matter anything. No fats, fems, beards, moustaches a plus; hairy body a plus. Must have intelligence and ability to swing both ways. Willing to bring out and teach. Box 855.

RUNNER/BODY BUILDER

DC-MD-VA, 37, 5'11", 160, 30' waist. Rugged, well-built, lean, muscular, defined, together, feeling human. Interested in similar physical masculine type w/s/M if erotic. Photo exchanged. J.W. Box 55029, Ft. Wash. P.O. Oxon HILL, MD 20022

MICHIGAN

DETROIT W/M, 47, 5'6", 175 lbs., SM, B&D, Solid and hairy hairy all over. Bottom/passive for lots of bondage/disc. Particularly enjoy dungeons, jails, cells and barns in bondage. Like grass, poppers, etc. enemas, dildoes, greek a/p, french a/p... All kinds of fetishes. No scat, and sometimes piss. No smokers and light drinkers. I have lots of toys and can well come and welcome visitors especially from out of state. All races please, Sirs. Chain me up and rape my ass or gang bang me. Box 1290

DETROIT White, hard-muscled topman, 33, 5'9", 155 lbs., looking for stud under 40, top/bottom, to serve as right hand man in discipline sessions with butch slave. 22" test's tell his tight buns, ride him at both ends, soak him in piss, and enjoy a beer as he worships our bodies in gratitude. Have sling, also video equipment for voyeuristic cameraman. Photos, exchanged/returned. Box 899

BARN BOY NEEDS FARM KEEP

ADONIS, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, smooth muscular body seeks keep from handsome farmer or rancher in exchange for labor. Some farm experience. Will go anywhere. Discipline, restraints, hard dirty work, ragged clothes, gruel, filthy quarters sought. Box 1377

METRO DETROIT Hot bearded top wants equally hot bottom for "DRUMMER" type scenes. I'm 31, 5'10", 155 lbs., 6'10" cut. Experienced. You must be masculine, and ready to please and serve me. Role switching possible for right stud. Box 1402

MICHIGAN BI-MARRIED MEN'S Support/Social Group Detroit/Pontiac area educated, responsible, sincere, husbands/fathers: to form a close relationship with similar guys. Confidentiality, discretion assured and expected. Send info, request for personal interview to P.O. Box 624, Pontiac, MI 48056

MASTER understands your needs. Time for talk and time for action. Thumb area professional. Michigan. Tom Proctor, Box 104, Cass City, MI 48726

SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING

White male, 26, 6', 160 lbs., 8", into oral service. Western types, feel, will beg to serve well-endowed Master 18-35. Write Steve, P.O. Box 123, Roseville, MI 48066. Photos answered first. White or Black.

INTIMATE FRIENDSHIP, Y W B M 6', 170 lbs., handsome, virile, hung, married, educated professional seeks similar area guys (Detroit) for mutual stimulation—mind/body—versatile. No fats, fems, S&M, kinky. Send info, description, photo to Box 524, Pontiac, MI 48056 with TAYLOR.

SAYRE, MS, Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165 lbs., white, 6'10", novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

ROCHESTER, S, 6'6", 5'10", 160 lbs., white, 8", firm Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices. Into S&M, B&D, W/S, and more. Write: Robert, 1030 Adams Road South, Rochester, MI 48063

SOUTHFIELD, 46, 6', 160 lbs., German S, muscular, 7" uncult; seeks novice who would be interested in exploring and growing, with limits respected. No drugs, fats, fems. Hairless body, tight physique a plus. Box 468

MT. CLEMENS AREA, w/m, 58, 6'5", 180 lbs., looking for M 18-28 for Father/Son relationship. I want to worship, spank when necessary. Prefer Live-In. Have nice apartment. Box 131

ANN ARBOR, W/M, 33, goodlooking, seeks real Masters who can handle a hot, hairy, 6'10", 160 lbs. Need discipline, bondage, suspension and anything else to please. Will serve as only the best can. Dig FF, W/S, B/D, TT, anything else imaginative—especially in game room. Photo appreciated. Charles, 2786 Glenbridge, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

MINNESOTA

TOILET FACE SITTING

MINNEAPOLIS, SM, Taurus, 31, 5'11", 7", bearded Bottom for piss & scat. Love leather and kinky scenes, looking for filthy freak. Into shaving, light S&M, B&D, tit work. Can also go top. Write Al, Box 476, Minneapolis, MN 55440

MASTER WANTED

Minneapolis: White, 25-yr., handsome, looking for a beautiful slave, 5'11", 150 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, dark beard—hot & horny. 7½". Leo. I am ready to serve—wants to 28 to 40 years stud. I would prefer only tall, dark hairy muscular masters. Beards, moustaches, & big manly tits please. I want to serve you and worship you, obey you and love you. I dig all leather (gear & scenes) and I am into body worship, j/o, dirty talk, posing, oil, cockrings, jocks, all boots & gym gear. I beg you—Please, Sir, help this hot, wanting slave find an owner. Letters to Box 560

MPLS. Would like to meet men who like to fuck, are into bondage. Cowboys, truckers, all men who are well hung and know what they want. No Fats. Box 825

WANTED:

UNCUT WHITE TOP MAN 40-70. Grizzled, masculine white cocksucker must live with, worship and suck; one tough, straight, non-reciprocating, obscene cucked son of a bitch. Full time, cowboys, farmers, lawmen, hard hats, others welcome. like boots level. Leather, piss, THICK peckers, clean assholes. Will relocate. Photo/Phone. Box 1261

MISSOURI

S MONK SEEKS DISCIPLE M

Leather master will instruct you using strict monastic obedience, humiliation, discipline, penitence, poverty, labor, silence, cloister, devotion. You will learn sign language, have name changed, head shaved. If you put the novitiate you will be professed Usque As Mortem. You cannot serve two masters. This is definitely a total commitment to eat my cock and drink my piss, not a pious meditation. Vocational to serve? Apply with aspirations and photo. Many are culled but only one is chosen. Box 363

ST. LOUIS w/m, 6'11", 165 lbs., 8" uncult, very hairy all over, knowledgeable, masculine, dominant and aggressive yet quiet, straight-acting and appearing, seeks other hairy masculine dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, tits, balls, assholes with uniforms, jocks. No scat or shaving. Any age, eager to explore. Box 886

Young slaves may apply to versatile 6' bodybuilder (180 lbs.) for servitude stating qualifications along with photo. Various scenes possible and rewards given for excellent service. Located in St. Louis area. Box 159M

ST. LOUIS W/M, 40, 6', 158 lbs., Uncult, Cancerian Versatile, Hot, Cockmaster, Dudes into all scenes except scat, FF and heavy pain. Enjoy worshipping a beautiful body and cock, servicing a cock completely, and I mean completely. Looking for oversexed hot dude 21-45 who likes his cock royally broken care of. Your photo gets mine. Box 64

NEBRASKA

HI BOOTED RANCHER

52, 6', 190 lbs., Digs Leather, Travel, Photographs, wants leather booted Master to use me for this please. No Scat or FF. Will answer all. Del Johnson, RR Box 15, McLeon, NE 68747

Cornhusker Maverick

needs tamin', 5'4", leather-level, hornier than hell, like my sex rough and hard, need a good Master. If you think I'm man enough to break me. Box 496

Master 56, 5'8", 150 lbs., Seeks slave 18-26, slim to learn and expand limits. Have toys for Cock and Balls. Box 1373

NEW JERSEY

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

NJ Only. Novice, 32, 5'10", 135, smooth, clean-shaven, needs tall lean Master. I'll try to please. No scat, heavy pain, scars, FF. Box A28

MORRISTOWN, S. 41, 6'2", 190 lbs., white, 7' cut, hairy body. Cuts natural, down to earth, not into game playing, mental or fantasy trips. Easy going but demanding and experienced non-nonsense type of Master but one who understands the value of TLC. Seeks the services of a good slave, especially oral, 20s to 30s, for weekends of possible permanent live-in relationship. Enjoy giving light workouts to a good body but will respect limits at all times. Willing to train novice. No drugs, feds, feds. Box 520.

CENTRAL JERSEY w/m, 39, 6 ft., 175 lbs. tattooed, bodybuilder, leather stud, Harley rider with fifteen years experience as sadist w/m, wanting his slave to hear from willing slave pages 25-40, limits respected and expanded. No reply without picture, which gets mine. Write to P.O. Box 13, Frenchtown, NJ 08825

NEW YORK

MANHATTAN, Black man, 50, seeks white, non fat slave who uses his submissive head for thinking, sucking cock, drinking my piss, wanting his tits tortured, enjoying having his mouth fucked and performing total oral service for my black cock regularly. A guy who gives me his greatest asset his head, in service, allegiance. Love and communion. Box 510

WORK MY BALLS OVER

anyway direction Larry Townsend's ultimate scene. I am experienced W/M, 40, 5'11", 150 lbs. Moustached also into nipples and FF. Mutual scenes with real man animals possible. Box 1368

NEW YORK CITY W/M, 28, 5'7", 140 lbs., clean shaven, imaginative, seeks to be controlled by a Dominant top. I have a lot to learn and would like to meet someone with teaching ability 25-40. Box 1370

YES SIR—NEW YORK SLAVE Danish Leather Stud 40—Masculine well built, visit New York in May 81. Seeks Real Hot Action Leather Master for discipline and Leather-Rubbers sex. I have a strong sex drive, into Leather, rubbers, masks, chains, titwork, piss, smoking, poppers and pills. Like to be worshipped in my leather and the aroma of leather and rubbers turn me on, let's find out how far this can take us. Like all kinds of sex and like to learn more. My master must be over 35. I am waiting for a hot letter. Box 1372

SEX-agerant

Libra, m, 63", 170 lbs., mid-60's, white-haired, blue-eyed man of distinction type, would serve muscular masculine male of any age or race, who enjoys imaginative games with older man. Would do almost anything for right partner. Box 290X

MANHATTAN, S. 35, 6'4", blonde. Have 63" muscular slave, 30. Am accepting applications for second slave. Must submit to heavy S&M, B&D and video taping. If you are young, muscular, and attractive, send photo with qualifications at once. Box 673.

PIGGY RAUNCH

Versatile NYC Chelsea w/m, Scottish 33, 5'11", 130s, 7" cut, for uninhibited scenes. Heavy ass play (FF), L/L, W/S, scat, jocks, sweat, oil, shaving tits, c/b torture, boots, and socks with real creative men into role switching. Willing to explore new realities. No overweights or fats. Beards a plus. Include photo and scene. Box 703

PUPPY SEES BLOOD

Hot Italian, 28, 5'9", 175 solid lbs., seeks beer-bellied brutes who enjoy a butch dog collared slave. Seek stocky, chunky, 5'7" to 5'10", 180 to 225 lbs., dominants who groove on service. Write with photo—returned to P.O. Box 3058 Church Street P.O., NYC, NY 10006.

QUEENS, NYC, mature M, scorpio bottom man, 57", 145 lbs., hairy body, bald but bearded, seeks mature top Master for discipline and heavy titwork, FF, WS, scat. Jock straps, hairy bodies, black beads, stocky builds turn me on. No role switching or skinny blondes, Box 306.

BUFFALO, w/m, 27, 5'9", 185 lbs., 7" uncult. SM, Aquarius, seeks knowledgeable master into L/L, who is respectful of limits. Am into S&M, B&D, etc. Master in tight leather, tall polished boots and into bikes are sure turn on. Are you ready to train me? Send photo and phone for prompt reply. Box 404BNY.

SUPER HEAVY S&M

Way out and wild S&M given to hot young slave by brutal, well-equipped Master. Real m's send photo, age, experience to: Box 12, R/c/o Room 603, 147 West 42nd St., New York, NY 10036.

BUFFALO, w/m, 42, 6'1", 174 lbs., uniforms, leather, levis. Novice, but wants to learn. Will answer all, travel. Box 715.

WRESTLERS

STREET FIGHTERS

28, 6'2", 190, w/m, Topman wants to meet submissive young dudes into no-holds-barred, L/L, jock, wrestling. Also want to hear from other Tops into same. Box 804A

LEATHER MASTER/SADIST

35, 6'4", w/m, Clean shaven, 63" muscular slave abuses... brands, Chains, Domination, Enslavement, Fists, cuffs, collars, immobilizes, jams, kicks, lashes, manhandles, nails, ordes, pierces, quells, ropes, shaves, Tortures, uses, Videos, whips and X-Y&Z. Attractive youthful slaves. Submit Photo with detailed application. Box 673

HOUSEBOY FOR SALE:

Will take care of your home. Need owner with a strap who will keep me naked, chained, and shaved. Use me for Hard labor, abuse, total toilet and body service. Only serious minded over 35. NY, CT, NJ, Box 1312

NEW YORK W/M, 35, 5'8", 160 lbs., 6" cut, medium build, seeks help to reach fulfillment as slave. Need strong but understanding Master to bring out ability to serve with body and mind. Not into scat or injury. Box 80

NYC, W/M, 30, well built muscular guy with 30" waist, thick cut, hairy chest, full beard, sweaty jock and good body wants to hum up against a stout guy. Esp. fat, bald, swarthy guys in tight pants and over hanging belly. I want to smell your crotch, feel up your ass, and hump my hard dick against your gut. Box 1330

NEW YORK CITY MASTER WANTED

by M 30, Generous call guy into boots, uniform. 22, SS, SM, B&B, Leather, want verbal trips, have good earnings want to share with big Husky man any age over 190 lbs. Must be mean and street wise, cops-construction ok. Box 1324

CAPITOL DISTRICT: W/M, 34, 5'8 1/2", 170 lbs, beard thick, masculine, muscular and into rough leather sex. Have slave who will be used in sessions. Write with photo Box B55

NEW YORK W/M, 28, 155 lbs., 6' Needs B.B. to 35 years to take orders and train my young Italian slave. Send photo/phone. box 1334

NOVICE BLOND MASTER

N.Y.C., tall, slim, Good looking, Hung, M, 20's requires totally submissive slave(s) for experimental bondage and training as dog slave. You will strip perform, beg to serve and obey in or out of bondage. No heavy pain trips, limits respected, just Humiliation, degradation and servitude. Especially like Latin or Italian types but all goodlooking young slaves considered. Also like to hear from other Masters. Box 1321

ATTENTION all hunky, smooth-skinned, collegiate-type bottoms: opportunity to serve and submit to my hot, football-sport jock master while I watch and worship. Expect heavy beatings and S&M. Send respectful letter detailing your description, experience, and limits, if any. Photo preferred. Southern Connecticut location. Box B31.

NEW YORK, 36, Aquarius, blond, blue-eyed, good-looking (clean-cut but not effeminate), W/M desires to service, relieve, and please Mr. Master. Into all types of wood types. Not into heavy S&M or FF, but like to receive verbal abuse, W/S, and service dominant honchos who want service and relief. Turned on by leather shoes, boots, cigars, and male swagger. Willing to learn more about pleasing macho types. All letters welcome and answered promptly, ages 23 to 50. Box 220-K

UNIFORMED CIGAR SMOKER

N.Y.C. Hot stud in uniform or full leather, 37, 6', 175 lbs., thick 8" cut. Short blonde hair, beard. Heavy cigar smoker, 1" nipples, tattoo, into fantasy scenes with well-hung men interested in boots, uniforms, motorcycle cops, S.S., toilet, FF, dildoes. Write with photos. Box 984

WRESTLES-LEVI'S-S/M

Mean, tough, vicious, ruthless stud w/m, 6'2", wants to hear from same type dudes, all ages, into no-holds-barred fighting, kicking, punching, and squeezing a guy's nuts, etc. Exchange info, ideas, or meet. Box 804

TATTUED & PIERCED

43, 6'3", 165 lbs., interest in oral, masculine w/m, 30-50, not heavily into booze or drugs. Box 452

S&M CLUB FORMING: New York City Area only. All ages welcome, write for free questionnaire and information. Occupant, 167 West 80th Street, Apt. 40, New York, NY 10024

BALLS, 43, 5'8", w, 155 lbs., Hot, out-of-doors type, together and creative. My sack hangs heavy with full hot nuts. If you're into giving/getting sensual pain to talk, let's talk. Lots of equipment. A photo of your sack gets mine. Box 1286.

SYRACUSE S&M COUPLE LOOKING for real live and leathermen in the Syracuse and N.Y.C. Area for medium to heavy sessions. I'm 34, 5'11", 150 lbs., Blond, mustache, top. He's 23, 5'11", 155 lbs., dark hair, beard, mustache, top & bottom. Our interests are Bondage, Piercing, Nailing, FF, Wax, Shaving, T/T, C&B Torture, Whipping, W/S, Scat, Etc. Limits within Reason Respected. Letter & Photo to Box 2874, Syracuse, NY 13220

NEVEDA

JEFFA TANNA IN VEGAS I'm Dan's younger brother, and I won't disappoint you. Believe it. (702) 798-7643

OHIO

SLIM NOVICE

23, Columbus desires manhandling, w, boots, handcuffs, verbal, etc., from understanding big brother. Write with picture and telephone. Box 1331

COLUMBUS, SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7', Aries, intelligent professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 25-35. I'm into bondage, tit and B & P pain, and I want to enjoy using them. Send letter with photo. box 730

CLEVELAND BODYBUILDER

Hot young white Master, 23, new to Cleveland, 6', 165 lbs., 8, exceptional mind, meat, looks, body, would like to meet hot, USDA prime slaves and/or other masters in Cleveland area. Write with photo and phone and limits to SIR, P.O. Box 16416, Cleveland, Ohio 44116.

MASTER WANTED—Age 30-45, by Novice in Dayton, Ohio. Should have average or nice body. Am Greek passive, French active, heavy into piss-drinking. Willing to accept fist from right person. I am 34, white male, professional. Travel to Chicago and New York often. Box 1405

AKRON AREA, GWM, 55, 6'1", 190 lbs., Trim, muscular, hairy desires relationship with similar Macho type. Enjoy sports, music, travel, active/Passive, French or Greek. Affectionate & loving. Frank Riese, 4272 Leewood Rd., Stow, Ohio 44224 or call 688-8164 6-10 p.m. or weekends till 11 p.m. Help right guy relocate. Over 40 please.

CINCINNATI, MS/SM, Pisces, 28, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6', novice. Intelligent, sensual, mutual satisfaction with friend/brother/lover 18-40 into light S&M, no feds, feds. Box 479

CLEVELAND, MS, 26, 6', 170 lbs. swimmer's build. Did you like playing cowboys and indians as a kid? I still do—I'm into wrestling, being captured and tied up to please my captor. If you like games, write to Box 21192, Cleveland, OH 44121.

COLUMBUS, SM, Virgo, 40, 5'9", 183 lbs., white, 6'6"; biker, leather-/levis, mutual satisfaction for mucho, sincere, straight-appearing butch types. No fems, fats, snobs, chicken. Sex 365.

DAYTON, S, 35, 5'11", 155lbs., looking for part-time slave/houseboy. Pay considered for the right guy who is as willing to work as play. Goodlooking, demanding, considerate master; the slave should have average looks, be under 30, and into the head trip as well as the physical. Box 678.

BOOT LOVER
27, 5'7", 137 lbs., looking for neat guy into Frye Boots that wants me to kick them and cum on them. Box 151.

HOT HORNY MASTER
Goodlooking, heavy set Master 30, seeks slaves under 35, for training and punishment limits respected and expanded. Box 1311.

COLUMBUS, SM, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 7', aries, intelligent, professional, experienced. Seeks local friends 26-35. I'm into bondage, tit and C&B pain; have many toys and enjoy giving them. Send letter with photo to Box 20422, Columbus, Ohio 43220

COLUMBUS M wants to learn to be a suitable slave; seeks a master who is discreet, white, cut, respects limits in a novice, into Bondage light S&M, Humiliation, camping/fishing, I'm white, 36, 5'11", 190 lbs., cut and strong willing. Willing to travel in state. Not into scat, FF, Drugs. Box 1323

CINCINNATI W/M, 33, 160 lbs., br hair, bi eyes, beard, would like to meet guys 18-34, straight acting. I like music, bowling, walking in the woods, movies, nudity, action NO B&D, S&M. Mick, 11388 LeBaron Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45241 (Box 17)

OKLAHOMA

STILLWATER, 38, 5'9", 190 lbs., uncult, ex-police looking for other officers and ex-officers into policing, police leathers, uniforms, hopphoppers and cycle cops, all a la la. No fates, no fates, no fates, or drugs. Discreet. Box 885

MOUTH JOCK
A unique trip. Let your big soft cock and balls be strapped into my sensuous mouth pouch! Hunky cowboy, 33, 6'2", solid body, 7%: loose balls, into western wear, military, police uniforms, athletes, seeks men with similar interests. Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154.

OKLA CITY SM, white, 43, 170, 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fates. Reply with photo to Box A53.

OKLA CITY SM, White, 43, 170 lbs., 5'10", good muscles, seeks willing hot men to 45 eager to experiment. All scenes considered with limits respected. Am eager to learn and teach. Prefer top but can be willing bottom. Beginners welcome. Discreet. No fates. Reply with photo. Box A53

OREGON

VERSATILE Top & Bottom man seeks GR A/P, FR A/P in levis & boots. Biker in leather okay too. No S&M, drugs, smokers. Enjoy wide variety of experiences but no painful or excessively kinky activities. I am in 40s, hung, discrete and affectionate. If you lust for life, I lust for you. Box A24.

HOT COP
Wanted by handsome, unruly fugitive, 31, 150 lbs., 5'7", Dave, Box 998, Beaverton, OR 97007

Portland bottom seeks dominant, aggressive top. Dig vas beating, humiliation, piss, rimming, toys, titwork, kinky scenes. Am 31, 6'2", 185 lbs., goodlooking. Box 624.

SALEM, 48, 6', 190 lbs., Seeks younger submissive slim Salem area male for obedience training, spread eagled ass warming, tit/cock ball work. Prefer novice. Box 1325.

PORTLAND PIG
Hairly M, 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., wants aggressive top to help expand my limits. Into W/S, FF, Toys and want to learn more. Box 1336.

PORTLAND HARLEY OWNER
w/m, 40, into boots, breeches, leather, biker, wants to meet other big bikers within 500 miles of Portland. Box 1328

PENNSYLVANIA

ANYONE WHO HAS WRITTEN TO BOX 802, and has not received an answer, is ordered to re-submit to Master's Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510

MUSCULAR & MASCLINE S
30, 6'1", 200 lbs., 8' cut, seeks instrument of suffering and service. You are a muscular, straight-appearing M who needs to submit to the abusive control of an understanding but strict and imaginative Master. Send your letter of submission with Photo to: Masters Company, Box 1448, Scranton, PA 18510

PHILADELPHIA LEATHER MASTER
40s, W/M, 5'9", 165 lbs., masculine & hung requires w/m slave 21-35 into S&M, B&D, WS, Novices acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo, & phone number. P.O. Box 11095, Phila., PA 19141

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio
42, 5'7", 160 lbs., White, 7", knowledgeable Italian station, muscular leather and hairy, willing to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his boots, leather and chains, will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, WS, chainsbikie and western, Leather, toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 652

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 43, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 7", learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist. Bondage (steel and leather) and other experiences with clean masculine S desired. Box 023.

HARRISBURG, M, 160 lbs., 28, white slave looking for master, 21-45, no fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Into WS, B&D, jock straps, torn pants, verbal humiliation, public worship. Make me your dog with collar and leash. I will obey or else. Will go to NY, Philadelphia, Baltimore or DC. Box 959

PITTSBURGH, S, 44, w/m, 6', 185 lbs., hairy chest, 7", uncult, 8 year USMC. Into B&D, leather, levis. Wants masculine stud who understands submission and service, willing to give his body for my pleasure. Box 83.

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER
45, 5'8", 155 lbs., cigar smoker, full leather, requires submissive slaves under 30. Fully equipped duncecap. HOT, heavy scenes. Want real submissive men, no phonies, fates, fems. Young novices considered for permanent servitude training. You are ordered to send photo and letter of submission to Master's Box, Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068

FOOT SERVICE
I know how to do it. 5'6", 32, 140 lbs., w/m, will worship your feet/boots. Moustache a plus, beards O.K. Box 705.

PHILADELPHIA, S, 27, 6'5", 215 lbs., seeks obedient slave for ass action, boot worship and plenty of cock. Novice ok, but must be willing to expand limits. Submissive letter and photo a must. Box A80.

Imitate me into the ritual of your fantasy. String me up in bondage, pierce me, tit me, torture me, torture me, fuck me, suck my ass, piss in my face, let me fill your sweaty pits and worship your body—your cock, balls, tits, ass, feet. I am 6'1", 160 lbs., lean, with trimmed beard and moustache. Respect my limits while you expand them. Not into scat. Box A72

SCRANTON, M, Gemini, white, 47, 5'6", 154 lbs., 6', intelligent novice seeks understanding, affectionate Master (any age) who will respect and expand limits. Am adventurous and pretty solid. Any race okay. Box 964

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable Master requires white slave under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, VA, enemas, tit work. Novice acceptable. Limits respected/expanded. Apply with respectful letter, photo, & phone to P.O. Box 11095, Philadelphia, PA 19141, or DRUMMER Box 209.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUGGESTIONS, SIR?
26, 6', 170 lbs., Brn/Grn, 6' Inexp. but eager to learn. Have fantasies for 100 nights. Box 1406

ANSWERING AN AD?
See instructions on the first page of this section.

M, 25, white, 5'10", 145 lbs., into fucking and fist-fucking (receive inn), piss, S&M (whipping, tit & ball torture), bondage (spread-eagling, gag), domination, verbal abuse, leather, levis, boots. Seeks meet ings/correspondence with aggressive Tops/Masters in USA, Europe, Canada, Australia. Box 288

TENNESSEE

TENNESSEE, Long, lean bi-sex stud digs other shit-together men who know where they like and have balls enough to ask for it. Am tired of quick sex and bull shit. Dig old fashioned hands-on-man to man sex. When two men respect, trust, and are comfortable with each other, anything goes. A man should give me what a woman cannot. Am smells. Man tastes, and good deep man sounds. Like it long and slow with an honest buddy who knows he needs his mind and soul fucked more than his body. It's plain good love. I'm a man who needs a man worthy of it. Prefer uncult, like me, with long hanging balls. If 41 years, 6 feet, 155 lbs., 7 1/2", greying black hair, beard/Moustache sounds good to you, get in touch. Am planning a West Coast trip the summer of 1981. Box 61

TEXAS

EL-PASO SLAVE(S)
required to serve military topman. Should accept shaving, prolonged bondage and moderate discipline. Age unimportant, attitude is. Box 256

DIG J/O
Hard, lean, long haired blonde, 6'0", 155 lbs., 24, digs hot j/o and body kicking. Digs anal shot all over ass. Also dig on mutual ass-eating and long slippery make-out sessions. Hard young (over 18) dudes only who dig j/o. T.W., 4000 Hwy 385, No. 231, Port Arthur, TX 77640

BEAUMONT Young w/m, 6'2", 30, blond hair, blue eyes, Greek pass, French active, wants to meet sincere, masculine top man for possible relationship. Must be 30-45, honest, sincere, and trusting. Am willing to go into B&D and spank ings. Please write to Jon, 6370 Col lege No. 4, Beaumont, TX 77707. Please include photo if possible.

EAGER TO LEARN
HOUSTON area w/m, 32, 5'9", 150 lbs., willing to do anything for someone who can teach and train. Like moustaches, trimmed beards, hairy chests and legs. Box 386.

DALLAS COMPLETE MASTER
36, 6', 165 lbs., sensationist fist fucker, insatiable cock, flexible feet for unusual ass play, seeks slaves who are serious about their role and want a lifetime in S&M. Box 476.

AUSTIN, W/M, 36, 5'8", 145 lbs., bearded. Into cut/uncut, light S&M, L/L, jockstraps, gym shorts, FF, ball fucking, dildoes, total ass involve ment. Will try novices, W/S, B&D, slave role. No fates, fems, scat, blood, torture, or marks. Can be Top, bottom, mutual. Photo/phone gets immediate reply. Box 751



Y'KNOW
HARRY, I'VE GOT A
FUNNY FEELING I'M
GONNA REGRET I
AGREED TO MAKE
ANOTHER FUCK-FILM
WITH YOU AS THE
DIRECTOR.

IT IS GOING
TO MAKE YOU A
STAR...AND NOT
BECAUSE YOU
HAVE A BIG
PRICK!

THIS FILM IS GOING
TO BE A SENSATION. IT'S
GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST
THING SINCE THE INVENTION
OF SLICED BREAD... IT'S GOING
TO MAKE ALL THOSE OTHER
BARBARIANS LOOK LIKE
MARY POPPINS...

...AND DON'T
DO THAT TO YOUR
DRESS, DEAR...YOU'LL
UPSET THE COSTUME
DEPARTMENT... THEY
ALREADY HAVE SPENT
HOURS ARRANGING
YOUR DISPLAY...
TIME IS MONEY.
REMEMBER!

OKAY, HARRY... BUT
REMEMBER, ONE YELL
AT ME THROUGH YOUR
MEGAPHONE AND I'LL
TAKE IT AND SHOVE
IT UP YOUR ASS-
WIDE END
FIRST!

PROMISES-PROMISES.



HOW
MANY MORE
TIMES MUST I TELL
YOU, DEAR HEART.
THIS IS ~~NOT~~ JUST
ANOTHER FUCK-
FILM... THIS IS
AN EPIC!

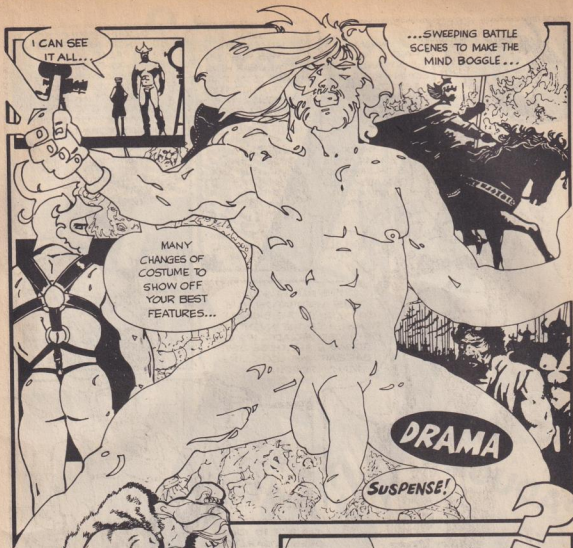


TALKIN' OF PRICKS
REMINDS ME, I'VE BEEN
SIXTY PAGES OF SCRIPT
AND I DON'T GET TO
SCREW ANYONE! I'VE
GOTTA REPUTATION
TO PROTECT. MY FANS
EXPECT ME TO HAVE
MY COCK UP AN ASS
IN THE FIRST REEL!



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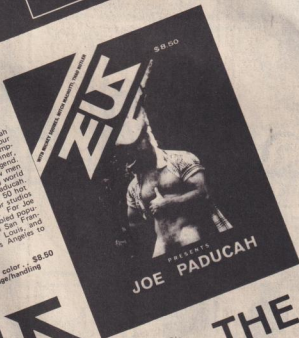
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Hot empire state stud wants to show off fine stuff. J.B., Box 261, Clayton, NY 13624.



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LA PLAYS TOUGH

Jeffery Gee, who can be found hanging out at the One Way, shows his stuff for interested tough studs.

GERMAN MYSTERY STUD

Our mystery stud this issue is from Germany, and on the other side of that 10 inch tool is a well-used, wet, slick hole.



TALK FIRST, THEN PLAY

B&D, Light S&M, WS... any other ideas? Frank, in Philadelphia will trade phone number with interested men.



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**Tough
Spirit**

Would a Transfusion Help?

ASK BETH

By Beth B. inskip

Dear Beth: If an erection is caused by a sudden rush of blood to the penis, couldn't a man who is impatient be cured by having a blood transfusion? — *Just Wondering*

No. Impotence is not caused by the lack of blood. It comes from the mind. Sometimes a person is impotent because he's afraid of sex or is fearful that he can't perform adequately

BORED AGAIN

Former rock star Little Richard is still taking his new act on the road, playing tent revivals across the country. As part of his latest performance he crusades against rock 'n' roll, drugs, and homosexuality.

Little Richard now wears his hair in a neatly groomed curly Afro and wears cream-colored three-piece suits. Gone are the bushy bouffant hair and the outrageous costumes of yesteryear.

The former entertainer is now a preacher with the Seventh Day Adventists and sings several songs during the service, often "It Is No Secret (What God Can Do)" and "Precious Lord," subdued gospel tunes.

Some highlights of his new act include the following:

"All homosexuals are not bad people. A gay fellow will do you a favor before anybody else will. They're good people, but a lot of them don't know that what they're doing is wrong. Some of them think they're born like that, 'cause I used to tell people I was born like that. But if I'd been born like that, I wouldn't have been named Richard. I would have been named Ethel."

Another example of Little Richard's clarity of mind was his comment

on San Francisco:

"This is the biggest unnatural area in the world. There's more unnatural affection up here than anywhere in the world. You don't know who you're talking to. If there are any gay people here tonight, don't you get mad with me. I am still your brother, but . . . I am not here to compromise with Satan."

The entertainer also expressed his happiness at the fact that Jesus had "died for me" in spite of his being a homosexual.

At the end of the sermon Richard called upon members of the audience to come forward to dedicate their lives to the man who had given up his life for them.

Then, after the offering and the benediction, Little Richard sold cassette tapes that tell the story of his conversion. The title is *From Rock 'n' Roll to the Rock of Ages*. They cost \$10.

Some witnesses to this performance wondered if Little Richard and the born-again Bob Dylan are sincere in their conversions or just, as in the past, giving the audience what it wants.

Or perhaps, even more sadly, is this the only way these former stars can keep their fading careers alive?

IGNA



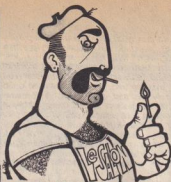
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LANCE



HIS BIG BROTHER



THE HARD LESSON



KIP KNOLL



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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

By Larry Townsend

Dear Mr. Larry Townsend:

I wish, Sir, to continue a relationship as viable in the future as it has been over the past six months. Sir, as a white slave with a black Master, what strategy would you deem respectful and proper for me to take, to diminish my black Master's seemingly subconscious but bitter cruelty against me for decades of historical black slavery in U.S. history? He is an educated and professional gentleman in all other respects.

Respectfully,

A slave, Sam, from LA County

Dear slave Sam:

My first inclination is to answer that your proper role as a slave is to accept whatever your Master deems proper for you; and ideologically this would be the "purist" reply. From a practical standpoint, however, you must arrive at a mutually agreeable understanding with your Master if your relationship is going to be sustained. You, unlike his forebears, are a slave only so long as you wish to be. Somehow, you will simply have to tell him this, whether you do it yourself and accept your just punishment for speaking without permission, or whether you find an intermediary to do it for you — perhaps some friend of your Master's, preferably another topman, to whom you might (respectfully) confide your dilemma. Of course, you indicate that your Master is a gentleman, and this always bothers me. A gentleman in his social and professional life is often harsher when he displays his true inner self. You might look into your own thought processes, too, and determine whether or not your black-white relationship is really the crux of the problem, or whether your Master might not simply be using this as an excuse to give you exactly what you'd get if you both shared the same skin tone.

Dear Larry,

As an avid collector of erotica, I have been a faithful fan of yours and of DRUMMER — and several other publishers — for as long as any of you have been in business. What I cannot under-

stand is why all of you seem to be pulling your punches, so to speak, in printing pictures of W/S, FF, and real SM action. There used to be some of this material around (although never from either you or DRUMMER), but now there isn't. On the other hand, I see things that I consider much more "hard core," showing oral and anal intercourse, etc. Can you explain this for me?

Avid Fan,
Providence, RI

Dear Avid Fan,

The answer is basically somewhat complicated on the surface, but much simpler if you look a bit deeper. All erotic material produced in the United States is created with one eye on the Post Office regulations, because the only way to make it profitable is to offer it via the mails, in addition to whatever other distribution means are available. Since the courts have never been able to define "obscenity" in terms that we lesser mortals can understand, it is almost impossible to judge where the dividing line between "acceptable" and "prosecutable" lies. In a rather quiet and unofficial way, the postal authorities have done this for us. Although the law itself does not say so specifically, the enforcement authorities have more or less accepted the standards of the American Psychiatric Association as their guidelines. Acts which are deemed "normal" are generally not prosecuted. This includes oral and anal sex, but condemns such things as W/S, scat, FF, heavy SM, bestiality, and the use of minors as models. There is no guarantee that someone won't get a hard-on for you and go after you for something less, but the odds seem to be in your favor if you operate within these limits. Most of us prefer to remain considerably further within the "safe zone," and by doing so have been able to continue to do our (and your) thing. We are now facing a new era, however, and things may become considerably tighter insofar as interpretations of our First Amendment Rights are concerned. Be thankful for what you're able to get, and don't give us a hard time for trying to walk the narrow tightrope.

Dear Larry,

I have been a sexually active man for all of my adult life, although I am not heavily into S&M. What I really enjoy are the baths and (when I get to a large city) the "sex clubs" which have sprung up over the last few years. Recently, I have been refused admission to a couple of these places because of my age. I don't think this is right. What do you think? Do we have any remedy, either legal or by getting some one of our gay organizations to make an issue of it?

Over Fifty,
But Not Over the Hill

Dear Not Over,

Like every coin, this one has two sides. I tend to agree with you, not only in this specific situation, but in the general attitude of younger gays toward their seniors. Our community should begin to make some better provisions for its older members, although I do not know exactly how we might best go about doing it. On the other hand, the people

who operate the clubs and baths are in the business to make money. I suppose that most of them have found that the younger guys make up the majority of their clientele, and a lot of these object to being forced to fend off the overly aggressive members of the geriatric set. . . . (God willing) someday be in a similar situation themselves. But the bath/club managements are simply responding to the wishes (or perceived wishes) of the group they see as their bread and butter. I certainly don't have the answer for this; I don't think anyone does. Certainly, an "over 50" or "over 40" bathhouse isn't going to make it. Still, most cities of any size have places where age is not a barrier to admission. While these establishments may not be your first choice, they are certainly better than nothing. Until some wiser man than I comes up with a better answer, best to take what you can get. Remember, in the years past, you have undoubtedly had your share of the prime meat that is now more difficult to get.

Dear Larry,

As a man who is very turned on by leather, I have recently acquired a full outfit including pants and a fitted shirt. When I wear it for any length of time, however, I get a terrible rash. I live in a small town where I don't know of a gay doctor, and I'm wondering if a person can be allergic to leather. Shift, that's almost like being allergic to yourself!

Wouldbe Leatherman,
Midwest

Dear Wouldbe,

As one who has also suffered from skin allergies (although, thank God, not to leather), I can tell you that a specific individual can be allergic to almost anything — even if he seems to be the only person in the world who ever reacted adversely to that particular stimulus. In your case, it might not be leather, per se, but to just the particular material of your outfit. The chemicals used in curing and dying leather can be quite toxic, so one or more of these could be the culprit. The only way you are going to find out for sure is to get an allergist to check you out, and if it's important enough to you, you're going to take the time and go to a city where you can find a doctor who will run the tests on you. I don't know why you should be so fearful of admitting that you want to wear leather, anyway. It is not an admission of being gay or being into SM.

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Gay inmates and young prisoners threatened with sexual exploitation, in institutions throughout the country, can benefit from the work of The Prometheus Foundation. You can help by joining the PenPal Group or any of several other vital programs. For information and a copy of FIRE!, the Foundation newsletter, write to: The Prometheus Foundation, 495 Ellis St., No. 2352, San Francisco, CA 94102.

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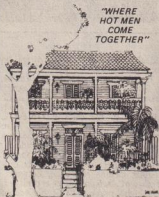


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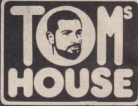
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THE EROTIC TRILOGY

With the release in America of *Arabian Nights*, most of the civilized world has seen Pier Paolo Pasolini's much debated erotic trilogy, which began with *The Decameron* and *The Canterbury Tales*. However, these films are still banned in Italy, the filmmaker's native land, as is his controversial masterpiece, *Salò*.

Even in America, the great film feast of the world, it has taken a decade for this trio of notable films by one of the world's most important filmmakers to play the silver screen. *The Decameron*, made in 1971, had only a few years wait — while the US standards for explicit film fare caught up with the rest of the world. This first film in the eventual trilogy was a fairly successful campus circuit player. Dovetailed with Fellini's *Satyricon*, these films of ancient amour and adventure would set the stage for a whole genre of films that ended with *Cagliua* — where the artistic vision had become completely replaced with the

appeal for clinical close-ups of throbbing sex organs.

Pasolini appeared in *The Decameron* as Giotto, the painter — and again appeared in *The Canterbury Tales* as Chaucer, the author, establishing a visual reference to the creative process. Like the characters he portrayed, Pasolini was telling us that art is a reflection of the artist; including his prejudice and whim. While he does not appear in *Arabian Nights*, he does provide another singular cinema reference, between the texture of *Arabian Nights* and his earlier, very highly-praised *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew*.

Pasolini has used untrained actors (or rather turned the untrained into actors) in a great number of his films. He claims the device comes straight from his Marxist sentiments. In an interview with Georges Moraux, Pasolini once tried to explain his method of casting, "Professional actors all come from the middle

class and I cast them according (that is when I cannot find non-professionals of the middle class to fill the part). Non-professionals are proletarians and I therefore cast them in the proletarian parts." His harsher critics has cried that Pasolini uses the working class youths of Italy for his films because they can be exploited as actors, and in the more explicitly sexual films, sexually exploited. Regardless, Pasolini has had the most success of any director in casting and working with non-professionals. A quality that critics constantly find in his films is 'innocence,' and it is the salvation for many film critics when dealing with their own bias over the sexuality Pasolini often employs.

The Decameron was, for all practical purposes, a tame film. Nudity was far less rampant than in later works and sex was under sheets or slightly out of view, with *The Canterbury Tales*, Pasolini came somewhat closer to that legendary

medium of integrating explicit sexuality with professional filmmaking. Yet, for that advance, *Canterbury Tales* is the most uneven, perhaps most unrealized of the trilogy. A handful of the historic stories are half-filled-out in period set-pieces that often do not appear to have a surface connection. The language, all redubbed into various archaic English dialects, is almost completely undecipherable. Even the non-professional actors and actresses lack the usual grace of face and form found in Pasolini's other films.

The Canterbury Tales is a well-loved piece of literary history, taught in school, revered by English scholars. And like other 'precious' works — translating them to another medium puts the translator in potential firing range for overzealous critics. When *Canterbury Tales* was released in America half the film community expected to see it assailed for any number of reasons — primarily for the exual explicitness of some of the tales. However, the film garnered fairly good reviews, and some critics went to great length defending Pasolini's vision of Chaucer's original work.

The Canterbury Tales is filled with a gaggle of young men who, one must assume, were picked for their plainness. The landscapes are dusty, often billowing with dirt and grime. Alleged 'aristocrats' float through this landscape with skirts raised, and feet covered with earth. Far from the 'lusty' or 'bawdy' texture of *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andros*, and *Fanny Hill* — *Canterbury Tales* looks like real time.

The film is, however, very uneven and perhaps unrewarding for the enthusiast of the original tales. Like a number of Pasolini's films, it has an almost handheld camera approach; not quite amateurish and not quite cinema verite.

But the biggest accolades were saved for *Arabian Nights*, the final film in the trilogy (completed in 1974). Here Pasolini went to a broader approach (filming in a number of middle eastern countries) and a tighter narrative line. The stories are woven together, and we see each tale's resolution by the time the film concludes.

Of all three films, *Arabian Nights* is the most rewarding. Pasolini gives the time and place the same look of authenticity he did with *The Gospel* earlier in his career. A number of Italian actors are evident from two previous films — but here allowed (or grown) into at least a semi-professional stance. But again Pasolini relays on visual subtleties: landscapes are left pretty much as they are in reality, attention to costume and production values is reduced to the barest necessities.

A number of elements in *Arabian Nights* would have worked better with a larger budget. Mat scenes are almost primitive, special effects are at the near beginning of the film medium encyclopedia. American audiences, teetuned on the visuals of *Star Wars*, would find Pasolini's use of non-reality lacking. But for the most part European cinema itself lacks the extraordinary budgets of US productions — in fact, most European directors work within very small



production budgets, and the break-even point for a film requires a lot less than the American counterpart.

Pasolini is at his most sexually explicit in *Arabian Nights*. What the viewer is treated is only fractions away from hard core. Although his last film, *Salò*, would explore sexuality in its deepest sense, it will remain for *Arabian Nights* to be the film that went the mile.

Pasolini is a director that must be considered in the context of his time and environment. He has done much to break the chains of censorship in Italian cinema, especially in dealing with homosexual themes. By the time he made *Arabian Nights*, he could present homosexual characters and incidents and sexuality with a calm understatement that never needs external justification. Same sex affection is presented as natural as all sexual affection, as an element that goes without saying in the cinema — which is a feat worth attention. Pasolini was a pioneer in the use of narrative story telling. His most stunning films, *The Gospels* and *Salò*, were works that pushed apart the medium of film making at every turn. In *The Gospels* he employed only

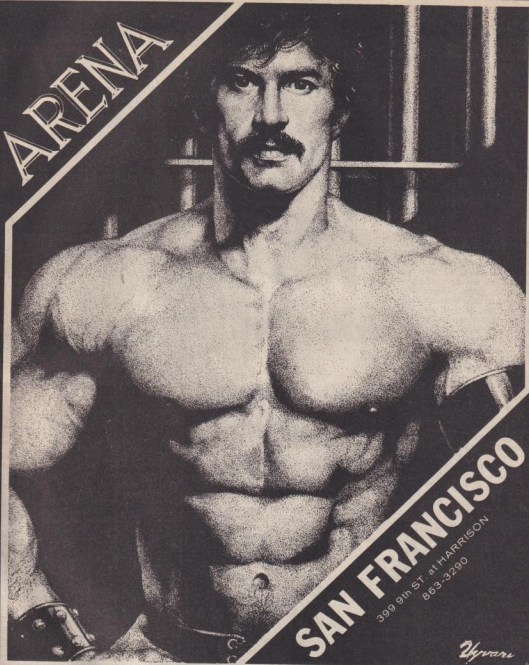
non-actors and set them in a documentary landscape, and infused his retelling of the birth of Christ with his own Marxism in such a way that condemning the film condemned christianity.

With *Salò* he went even further. Here Pasolini created the most original political metaphor ever witnessed in the cinema. The sexual equations of fascism are unequalled, as is the absolute visual power of *Salò's* imagery. *Salò* is an easy film to dislike, and an easy film to dismiss. But it may well be the finest intellectual political film and the definitive political message.

Pasolini's erotic trilogy suffered too much repression. What he created with these three films is a personal artistic vision composed of lines and memories and images that related directly to the Pasolini psyche. As a cycle, they connect in quiet ways; as reflections of literary history they are subject to the whim of the filmmaker — and there is nothing so rewarding as seeing a recreation of the familiar, as looking at life in a different perspective.

— John W. Rowberry

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BARBEATS



"Australia: Where the men are men and the sheep are nervous," or so goes a popular adage from *Down Under*. These leathermen in a Sydney leather bar look pretty manly. Photo by Ian Provet.

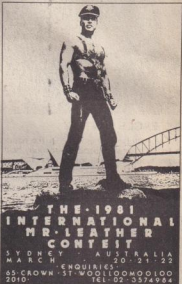


No, this isn't New York or Chicago or Los Angeles or even San Francisco — but a popular leather bar in Australia. All the major cities in Australia are located on the coastline, because the interior of the country is mainly vast wasteland. Photo by Peter Langford.

MR. INTERNATIONAL LEATHER

The 1981 Mr. International Leather Contest, an annual event hosted by The Gold Coast in Chicago, may be a disputed title this year, depending on your national origin. It seems that the country that gave us Patrick Brookes, Australia, is hosting its own contest this year under the same name. The Australian contest claims that their winner will be the Mr. International Leather. The Gold Coast feels otherwise, naturally, having originated the contest in the first place.

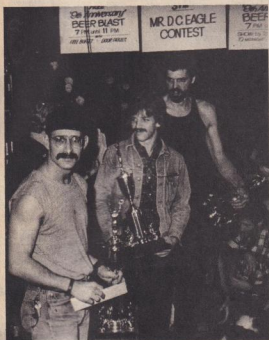
Patrick Brookes, who won the coveted title in 1980 in Chicago, is the first non-American to do so. The Australian version will be held in March of 1981 and is being advertised with posters of Patrick Brookes with Sydney's famous Opera House in the background. The Chicago-based Mr. International Leather Contest is usually held in May of each year.



The poster being used to advertise the Australian version of the Mr. International Leather Contest features Patrick Brookes.

DRUMMASTER GRAND OPENING

Drummer's open-to-the-public bar in San Francisco, Drummaster, finally got a name after an extensive contest where thousands of potential names were suggested. Drummaster won out, and the winner got a complete leather outfit tailored for his hunk body. The grand opening saw a wall-to-wall crowd. At one point, there was even an impromptu Kiss The Bartender contest (at right). The bartender never told us who won. Photo by Rink.



D.C. EAGLE CONTEST

The popular leather disco in the nation's capital, all settled in to their new, expanded location, held the 1980 Mr. D.C. Eagle Contest with some very hot results. Winners were (left to right): Tim Creekmore — Mr. D.C. Eagle; Mike Walowski — Second runner-up; Jim Rlmeer — Third runner-up.



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DALLAS 5'8", 150 lbs., 27 years old, likes to be wrestled down, roped and gagged by muscular captor for total light prolonged bondage and forced to submit. Can reverse roles. Box 734.

HOUSTON MASTER, 45, w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., gentle but firm, accepting applications. Slave, you must be masculine, well-proportioned, obedient, willing to serve. Experience OK, you will be trained. Reasonable limits respected. Write sincere, confidential letter. Ask what questions you have NOW. Include photo. Permanent live-in possible. I can travel. Box 633.

DALLAS 41 and out for kinky fun. Top guy 5'8", 130 lbs., nice looking. No scats, no fems, lots of c/b, titts, and ass play; spankings; bondage; and w/s. Enclose photo. 18 to 45 white only. Box 978

COWBOY MASTER W/M, 24, 170 lbs., looking for slaves into heavy B&D, WS, C/B, boot worship or anything else I order. Ap. application with photo will be considered. Box A17.

HUNKY ORIENTAL, 27, seeks a slave or Master into piercing, bond age, shaving, ball play and more. Must be muscular and hairy. Send photo. Box 864

FT. WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 195 lbs., 7" uncult, German Aquarian is looking for slave. Should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, into FF, scats, boots, and leather. Not into FF, scats, w/s. Box 059D

BEEVILLE, Good top looking for good bottom. Masculine S, w/m 36, 5'10", 180 lbs., Bearded, hairy, muscular. Be my weekend slave. I enjoy remote weekend camping trips. I have 4 wheel drive & boat. You must be 18-40, submissive, slender. Lets find out what turns your lights on. Box 1317

CHAIN GANG Need a rough and raunchy dude to make me work chain gang fantasy. Force hard labor, rough treatment, dirt, strict discipline. Like to hear real experiences of work gangs, etc. Details and photo gets mine. Can travel. Box 1314

DALLAS-SUBMISSIVE, hot, Thirsty guy seeks men into piss, j/o, spit, verbal abuse, dogs, and dirty fantasies. Enclose phone number. Box 1376

DALLAS W/M, 5'11", 165 lbs., 8" cock, mid 40s. Seeking dudes into mutual give and take working over cock, titts, balls, assholes, with Leather, chains, jacks. Need hot cowboys and truckers. No fats, fems. Eager to explore. Box 1374

VIRGINIA

W/M, 45, 6'2", 190 lbs., looking for Black Master, I am French a/p, Black, 30, want a Black W/S, and the chance to spread for you and your Black buddies. Box 1404

ALEXANDRIA W/M, 27, 5'8", 150 lbs., Hung, seeks Marine, DI type to strip, tie, gag, blindfold, torture me, C&B, and whatever else turns him on. Travel NY. CA. Box 1315

LEO-6', 48, 165 lbs., Dk. Blonde, Dk blue eyes Ruddy, tough bear drinking cigar smoker, ex-cycle cop, into tall boots, cycle cop uniforms & helmets, motorcycles (harleys). Horses. Leather Levis, Western and English riding gear. Barn and outdoor scenes. Kinky wild fun. Get off with oil, chain, mud, axle grease, wax, chains, spurn, ties, spitting, drinking piss from bottles & helmets. Travel up to truckers licking cum from 18 wheeler gas tanks and wheels, sad dles and boots, j/o on boots, dig riding crops, ropes, Tattoos, jack room and stall scenes, hairy, smoke 7 cut, SS types, travel U.S.A., photo and phone gets first answers. Write boxholder, P.O. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

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HARPERS FERRY, 32, 6', 180 lbs., 10" uncult, looking for w/m, 18-35, muscular and hairless preferred. Nice ass, who wants his tits worked over. Box 736

21, 5'11", 165 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair. Looking for w/m, 18-35, nice ass, muscular. Box 1337

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MILWAUKEE W/M, 28, 6'1", 170 lbs., 10" uncult, seeking Master over relationship with w/m 18-29 yrs. Must be patient and understanding as I am new to this scene. Will answer all with frank letter. State your demands and send with photo to Box 973.

MILWAUKEE, M, 5'9", 145 lbs., white, hairy chest, novice needs instruction in B&D, WS, S&M, etc. from Master who will show me my limits and respect them and teach me my role. No heavy drugs, fats, fems, scat. Photo greatly appreciated. ed. Box 837.

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TORONTO, m, Pisces, 5'10", 155 lbs., 40, blue eyes, uncult, wishes to meet dominant S, 25-55, who is ver satile, respectful of limits, sense of humour. M has moderate experience, versatile, and into leather, toys, boots, greek a/p, WS, bon dage, discipline. Have some experience as S. No fats, fems, drugs, scat. Box B19

ONTARIO, 26, 140 lbs., 5'8", 6'9" cut, semi-muscular M looks for muscular, or well built masculine men under 40, well-hung, white or Black. Have real desire to serve, have my asshole used. Box 473.

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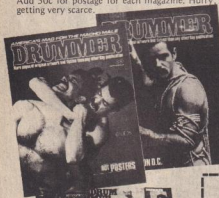
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All magazines have readers who vary in loyalty to their favorite periodicals. If they remember to, some readers will look through the current issue at the stand or store and if there is something that interests them, will pick up a copy. The trouble with some gay magazines is that they can be read completely right at the newstand in a matter of minutes. Other readers will trade off one magazine for another with their friends to save on what the cost of magazines is these days.

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THE SIX DOLLAR
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DRUMMER'S BOOKS

COLORED NEEDLES

It was an age when men honored the noble virtue of frivolity, when life was not such a harsh struggle as it is today. It was a leisurely age, an age when professional wits could make an excellent livelihood by keeping rich and wellborn young gentlemen in a cloudless good humor and seeing to it that the laughter of court ladies and geisha was never stilled. In the illustrated romantic novels of the day, in the Kabuki theatre . . . everywhere beauty and strength were one. People did all they could to beautify themselves, some even having pigments injected into their precious skins. Gaudy patterns of line and color danced over mens' bodies.

— Junichiro Tanizaki

Donald Richie and Ian Buruma open their exploration of *The Japanese Tattoo* (John Weatherhill Inc.; 1980; 116 pages; \$21.95) with this quote from Tanizaki's short story, *The Tattoo*, written in 1910 and recalling an earlier age. The tattoo has been a part of Japanese culture since around 200 B.C., perhaps earlier. And the history of the tattoo in Japan is as rich and diverse as the history of the country itself. Some early tattoos were indications of rank and privilege, others were more like brands administered to criminals (often on their foreheads) so they could be identified. While Japan has no traditional history of slavery, a class of people called *himin* (non-people) were tattooed also for social identification. Parts of the population, especially low-born villagers, were tattooed in a form of census-taking early in Japan's history.

At some point the tattoo became an extraordinary enhancement of masculinity and beauty, a combination of strength and grace typical of legendary Japan. And because the country is one rich in artistic tradition, the tattoo became considered a work of art — lavish and meticulous attention was given the lines and colors applied to the human form.

Samarui were often tattooed, as were the "wellborn young gentlemen" Tanizaki refers to; in later years, more towards the present, yakuza gangsters sported lavish full-body tattoos. But other classes of Japanese men were tattooed in one form or another, and it would not have been uncommon to see tattoos that identified certain craftsmen or laborers. Tattooing became part of Japan's social will to identify in groups or clans, perhaps a recalling of its feudal history.

Like the flower-arranger, or the potter, or the water-colorist, the tattoo artist used certain tools in a traditionally prescribed manner. Simplicity and refinement of implements, the discipline of application are all part and parcel of the



Japanese tradition of obedience: to tradition, to culture, to form.

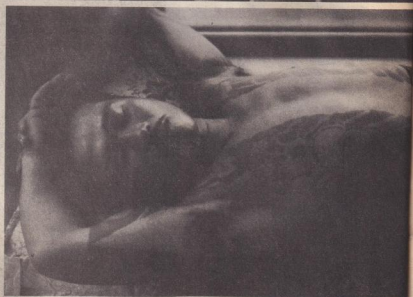
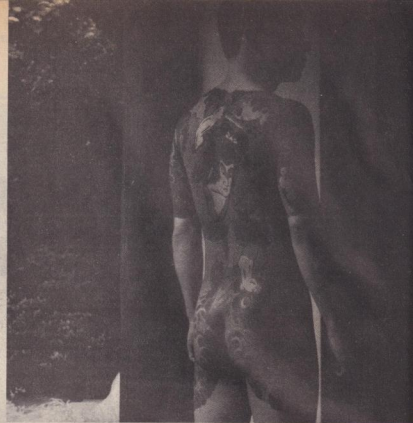
The tattooed evolved, however, into a completely masculine art form. Japanese women with tattoos are rare. And the tattoo is an autoerotic decoration, Japanese women are not prone to find in the tattooed man the aura of virility or sexual implication we would assume in the West. Richie brings up the difference between Western conceptions of tattooed men and those of the Japanese, "The prime reason is thus narcissistic — that well-known erotic feeling aroused by one's own body. It does not follow, however, that the secondary reason is therefore homosexual, though the mores of yakuza and workers include the homosexual to a degree uncommon in the West. The primary eroticism aroused by the tattoo is autoeroticism."

If you asked a Japanese gentleman in a conservative suit standing on a street corner in Tokyo about the famous Japanese tattoos, he would reply that no one is tattooed anymore, that tattooing was a thing from the distant past. And he would say the same thing about the existence of the yakuza. The paradox is that the independence of a tattoo does not fit in the social behavior patterns of the contemporary Japanese culture, where peer approval is paramount. It is ironic, at least to Westerners, that the Japanese have developed such a radical method of social defiance. Under his conservative suit, the same man on the Tokyo street corner may be sporting a full-body tattoo for which he had paid a great deal of money and suffered long hours of painful piercings by needles and ink. To his own social order he has made a statement, by being tattooed, that cannot be mistaken — placing his individual desires above all else — decorating himself solely for his own pleasure. But to the outsider (the non-Japanese) he assumes the facade of the social order.

Privacy and the Japanese regard for tattoos go hand in hand. Privacy is internalized, as the tattoo is hidden from public sight except when the wearer deems to display it. But the tattoo has created a psychological framework for the wearer that is undeniably anti-social. Overshadowing this social conflict is the crowning consideration. The sense of 'outlaw' in the West would be, to the tattooed Japanese man, unthinkable. While there are criminals who have tattoos, the non-criminal tattooed man would find the formers' lifestyle reprehensible.

The Japanese tattoo owes much to the tradition of Japanese woodblocks and watercolors. The subject matter of the tattoo can be varied, and usually combines elements that have significance to the wearer. Dragons, fish, certain gods and goddesses, certain flowers and plants appear in many tattoos. And each tattoo executed by a 'master' tattoo artist is signed somewhere in the design.

Without question, Japanese tattoos are the most beautifully realized of any in the world. And early traders to Japan from Europe often came home with a bit of the floating kingdom's artwork on an arm or chest or thigh.



Donald Richie's text is the best available on the history and meaning of the Japanese tattoo, both as cultural tradition and as art. Ian Buruma's photography is breathtaking and beautiful, rivaled only by the colors and designs of the men he has photographed. Without a doubt,

The Japanese Tattoo is the finest treatment of the subject available. And if you want to see the best examples of what can be done to adorn the human figure, then this volume is definitely worth investigating.

— Charles R. Musgrave

HAND JOE GAGE'S SOME

What happens when hot guys get together via the telephone, with one hand on the instrument and the other hand on *their* instrument? *Handsome*, the new film by Joe Gage, is a handful of hot, wet, real life incidents that revolve around a horny stud and the guys on the other end of the line. The situations are as different as the men involved, from the college jocks who turn on in the shower to the long distance truck-drivers who pull over to relieve their full ball-sacs. And the action is non-stop, hot enough to burn up the phone lines all across the country; which is just what *Handsome* does. Get ready for one-handed, long distance heavy, dirty, low-down breathing — and more than a couple hands full.



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Please MORE FLESH IN

FLASH!



To any and all of us who jacked off to the adventures of FLASH GORDON, as magnificently drawn by the late Alex Raymond, and to those of us who sat at the movie house on Saturday afternoons, watching the Universal serials about the same stalwart hero, the prospect of a multi-million dollar production by Dino de Laurentiis was something we could hardly wait for.

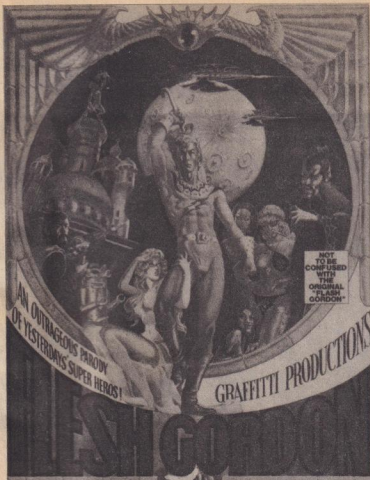
We had gone to the Graffiti Productions' "outrageous parody of yesterday's super heroes," FLESH GORDON, and found it to be good clean fun, although as disappointing in its lack of male nudity. God knows Suzanne Fields as Dale Arden seldom wore anything above the waist, other than the worst dyneel wig seen in years. But "Flesh" seldom even took off his shirt, and when he did, it was always in the dark. And a very hunky fleshy Flash he was, too.

In fact, FLESH GORDON was more fun in its way than the very expensive FLASH GORDON. The rocket ships were all phallic-shaped, it had a Prof. Jeroff and Prince Precious of the Tree People was a camp and both groped and made it with the naive Flesh.

Flash, played by Sam Jones is a hunk that is kept buttoned up to his adam's apple, except when he runs around in a tank top. The only real glimpse we see of his au naturel is chained up for a moment or two in Ming's dungeon and then the execution scene, in which he mounts the glass-enclosed platform stripped to his boxer shorts. There is, or seems to be, hours of Melody Anderson wearing nothing but veils and jewels.

The Tree Men, the Lizard men and, most of all, the Hawkmen are interesting, but fleeting. The Hawkmen wear mostly wings and harnesses but the cameras stay the longest on the least interesting of them.

Sam Jones is cast as a hunky dumb-blonde, which the original Flash never was. The campy dialogue is latter-day, Alex Raymond never intended his hero to be anything but a super hero. Raymond's settings were sharp and stylish, not campy or klutzy. The vehicles were breathtaking in their streamlining, especially for the thirties and forties. His imagination hasn't been touched by the artists and writers assigned to the strip since his death.



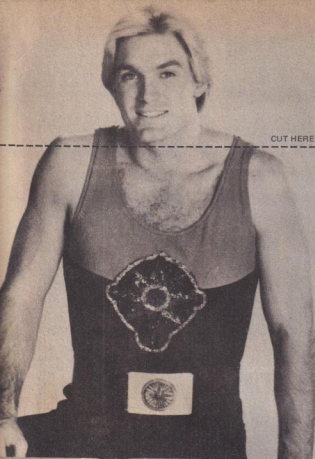
The Graffiti Productions version, *FLESH GORDON* was not only more fun but at least we got a glimpse of Flash's bod occasionally. "Mong the Merciless" sent sex rays to earth and all hell broke loose. More fun for a lot less money.

Unfortunately, even the low-budget (\$450,000) Universal serial had more suspense and adventure than this \$40,000,000 production. And Buster Crabbe knew when to take his shirt off and when to wear hot-pants as well.

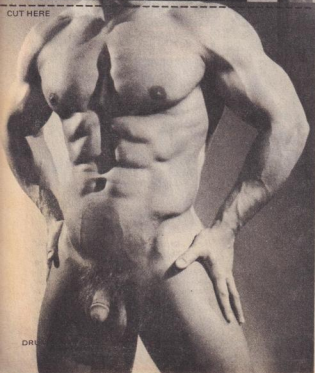
Max Von Sydow is an effective Ming the Merciless but no more than the all but forgotten actor in the Universal serial we used to hiss. He was mean. I might mention that I saw him not long ago in an old Laurel and Hardy comedy, playing a somewhat demented jealous husband. I could never forget that voice.

The color, the sets, the broads are all spectacular in the de Laurentiis production. I wish we could say that our hero Flash were less lackluster or at least more physical. We could even put up with the other bull shit. But that's what you get usually when you turn over such an important production to heterosexual males.





CUT HERE



CUT HERE

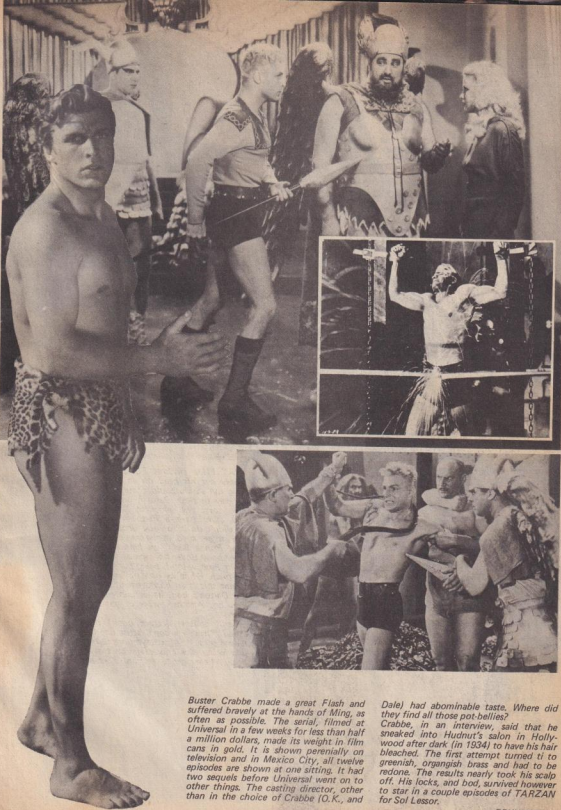
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WHAT FUN. Undress FLASH yourself. Simply cut his head off in the nearest thing the studio could come up with in the way of flesh. Paste it on top of the lower torso pix below (by Roy Dean no less). You have a Flash in the flesh! We didn't do it for you since we didn't want to get sued. In the case of the handsome Prince Barin, we have slipped another body under his cape to see how he might look without being bundled up to the teeth. While we have no idea whether or not this is an improvement on Timothy Dalton's bod, he certainly makes a turn on. Another waste of good male flesh.

In still another (comic book) parody called "Crash Hardon," artist Lee Carvel redoes some of Alex Raymond's drawings, undressing the characters at the same time. We even get to see Flash's pee-pee.

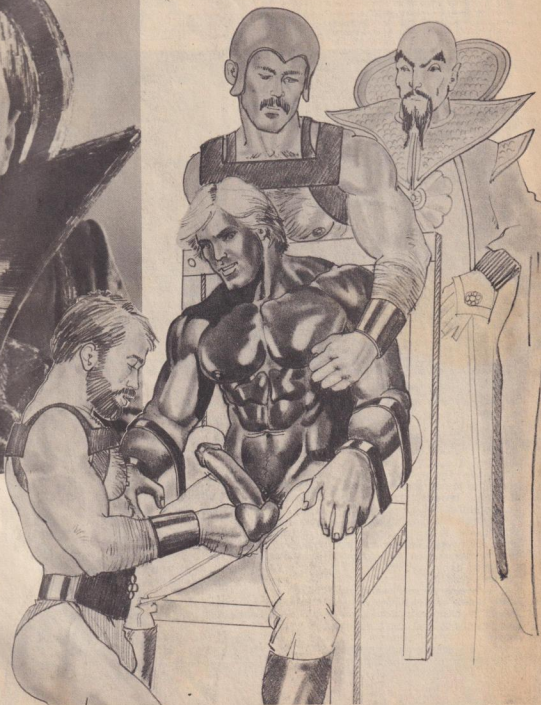
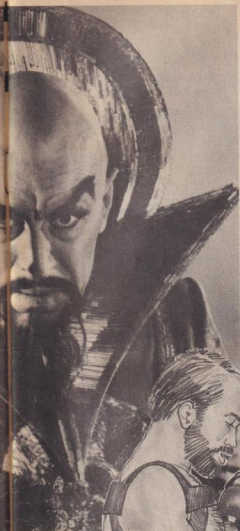


Buster Crabbe made a great Flash and suffered bravely at the hands of Ming, as often as possible. The serial, filmed at Universal in a few weeks for less than half a million dollars, made its weight in film cans in gold. It is shown perennially on television and in Mexico City, all twelve episodes are shown at one sitting. It had two sequels before Universal went on to other things. The casting director, other than in the choice of Crabbe (O.K., and

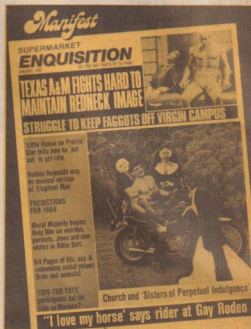
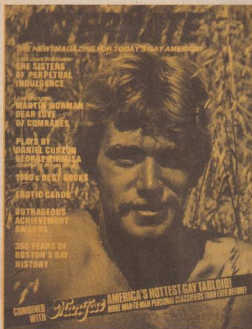
Dale) had abominable taste. Where did they find all those pot-bellies? Crabbe, in an interview, said that he sneaked into Hudnut's salon in Hollywood after dark (in 1934) to have his hair bleached. The first attempt turned it to greenish, orangish brass and had to be redone. The results nearly took his scalp off. His locks, and bod, survived however to star in a couple episodes of TARZAN for Sol Lesser.

We asked artist Cavelo to sketch his version of the torture scene in Ming's dungeons. He shows us what the movie missed. Max Von Sydow as Ming is requested by his daughter, Princess Aura, "Don't kill him yet, Father. Give him to me." And we all wish at that moment that we could be related to Ming. However, as in the comic strip and the serial, both Flash and Dale's family jewels seem to stay intact. In *FLESH GORDON*, the hero (and Dale Ardur, in case anybody cares) lose them to practically everybody.





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A Sister of Perpetual Indulgence, obviously not to be toyed with, elicits a confession of impure thoughts from a tourist in San Francisco. Photo by Rink.

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